SELECTIONS *for* MEMORIZING

COMPLETE BOOK

A. W. SKINNER

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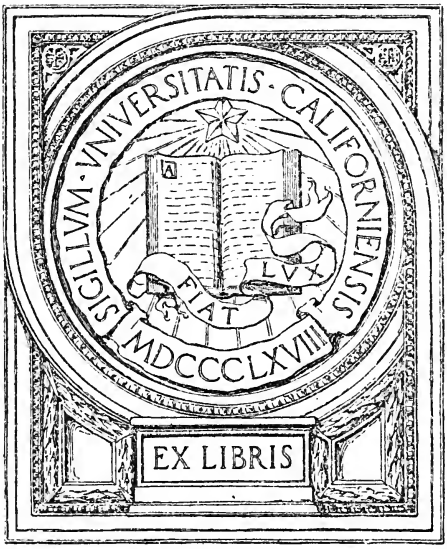

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SELECTIONS

FOR MEMORIZING

COMPLETE

Books One, Two and Three

Required for the First Eight Years of Elementary Schools
by the Education Department of New York State

Compiled and Edited by
AVERY WARNER SKINNER
Inspector of Schools, Education Department of
New York State

SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY
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R. D. LINQUIST
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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE poems in "Selections for Memorizing" are those authorized by the Education Department of the State of New York in its syllabus for elementary schools. The revision of this syllabus, published in 1910, necessitated the revision of the original edition of "Selections for Memorizing" to include the new material.

In addition to the selections for memorizing, the new edition now includes the poems designated for appreciative reading in English in seventh and eighth years, and the shorter history poems suggested for collateral reading in the fifth to eighth years.

In order that this material may be available in the most convenient and economical form for pupils' use, it is published in a three book series, as follows:

BOOK ONE. Selections for Memorizing, First, Second, Third and Fourth Years.

BOOK TWO. Selections for Memorizing and History Selections for Collateral Reading, Fifth and Sixth Years.

BOOK THREE. Selections for Memorizing, Poems for Appreciative Reading and History Poems for Collateral Reading, Seventh and Eighth Years.

In connection with the poems for appreciative reading in Book Three there are also sufficient notes to guide the pupil to a careful study of these poems in preparing for the elementary English examinations of the eighth year. For the assistance of the teacher, topics for composition, based on these selections, have also been given.

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In addition to the regular edition the entire contents of the three books are also published in a single volume, for the convenience of those teachers who wish all the material.

The poems prescribed by the Education Department have been chosen after a careful and exhaustive examination of the best courses of study in the schools of this and other states. It is believed that this grouping of these poems in a single series is exceedingly desirable as it offers to teacher and pupil, in permanent and accessible form, the material for the required work in English and also the shorter selections suggested for reading in connection with the study of history in the grades.

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We are also under deep obligations to Mr. Henry Holcomb Bennett for permission to use "The Flag Goes By;" to Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller for "The Bluebird;" to Mrs. Lionel S. Marks (Josephine Preston Peabody) for "Making a House" and "The Journey;" to Mr. Clinton Scollard for "Fraidie-Cat" and "Jim Crow;" to Mr. Edwin Markham for "Lincoln, The Man of the People," which was originally entitled, "Lincoln, the Great Commoner;" and to Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich for "Marjorie's Almanac," published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

For valuable assistance in the preparation of the notes that accompany the Poems for Appreciative Reading in Book Three, thanks are hereby rendered to Mrs. Emogene Sanford Simons, of Albany, N. Y.

TO THE TEACHER

In teaching children how to read and what to read, it seems necessary to say that there must be an appreciation of good literature on the part of the teacher. This does not mean that she must of necessity be a literary critic, or even very widely read, but it is of the greatest importance that she be well grounded in the few great books of all generations, capable of a wise discrimination between the good and the bad in literature and able to bring to her class a love of good books and a heart touched and inspired by a comradeship with the great minds of the ages.

Ruskin well says: "Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or with your stable-boy, when you may talk with kings and queens? Will you jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here or audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you with its society wide as the world, — the chosen and the mighty of every place and time?"

There is such a multitude of books to-day, such a mass of ephemeral literature in magazines and books of fiction that it is scarcely surprising that our taste for good reading is vitiated and our mental energies more or less dissipated. How many of us are as familiar as we should be with the mighty epic of Isaiah, with the lyrics of David, with his songs of rejoicing or of penitence? Are we well acquainted with the masterpieces of Shakespeare — that great analyst of the human soul — with their records of passion and tenderness, true for all ages and conditions of man? It cannot be too earnestly

urged that if we would influence rightly the reading of the children under our guidance, we must be careful in the choice of our own reading.

The habit of committing to memory some of the fine gold of literature is most helpful and stimulating. Facts and figures may pass away, but the splendid imagery of the poet, the great thoughts of great men, will do much toward the molding of character and the formation of taste.

It is believed that this grouping together of choice literary material will greatly facilitate the efforts of teachers to instill in the minds of the young an appreciation of good literature.

In the use of these selections for memorizing, permit me to emphasize the fact that the study of a poem should always precede the study of the author's life. For convenient reference, sketches of the authors from whose writings selections are quoted are appended to each volume. The facts given therein, however, are to be learned, if at all, only after the children are familiar with the poems from the authors to whom they relate.

The essence of literature, it has been finely said, is beauty; to study it mechanically is like grasping a butterfly. The teaching of these poems should be not merely a training of memory but also a process of developing the imagination, giving the child a quick and keen perception of the beauty in literature.

In the attainment of this double end it becomes necessary, therefore, for the teacher to have interest and enthusiasm in a poem before attempting to present it to the class.

The teacher should make a careful study of the poem, stanza by stanza, and seek to grasp the full meaning of each sentence. She should try to see the pictures presented and to understand the feelings and emotions

of the author when he wrote, for the ideas which the author has expressed appeal to similar experiences in the child's life. When this has been done thoroughly, the teacher will have entered into the spirit of the poem and should be able to arouse a like enthusiasm in the class. Of course, in the poems set for memorization she must commit each selection to memory and drill herself upon the oral rendering of it before it is given to the children. After this somewhat extensive but necessary preparation, the poem in its entirety should be read or recited to the class. In this way the children will be able to gain a general idea of its purpose and theme. Then as they proceed to commit it to memory, select the key word or words of each stanza and let these suggest the thought of the stanza. By thus grouping sentences around some central idea, you will find that the children will memorize and retain readily.

There are, in many poems, some few lines that reveal the heart of the poem — inspired thoughts that appeal to the best there is in us. Such gems of thought should be so frequently repeated, both individually and in concert, that the child will never forget them but will make them a permanent part of his richest mental treasure.

It is not necessary to memorize the history poems, but they should be read by the children while they are studying the lives of the men to whom the poems refer or the periods which the poems illustrate.

Good literature, especially poetry, paints vivid pictures of the life of a nation, and should constantly be used to illuminate the pages of history. Through this correlation of literature and history greater interest in both subjects is aroused.

AVERY WARNER SKINNER.

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BOOK ONE

FIRST YEAR

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful, —
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings, —
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And order'd their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden, —
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day; —

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

ROCK-A-BY LADY

THE Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet —
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum —
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

EUGENE FIELD.

From "Love Songs of Childhood;" copyright, 1894, by Eugene Field: published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

MAKING A HOUSE

FIRST of all, I draw the Smoke
Trailing up the sky;
Then the Chimney, underneath;
And Birds all flying by;
Then the House; and every Window,
Watching, like an Eye.

Everybody else begins
With the House. But I
Love the Smoke the best of all;
And you don't know why! . . .
Here it goes, — like little feathers
Sailing up the sky!

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

From "The Book of the Little Past," by permission of the author.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

WHO has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

O LADY MOON

O LADY MOON, your horns point toward the east:
Shine, be increased;
O Lady Moon, your horns point toward the west:
Wane, be at rest.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

WHAT DOES THE BEE DO?

WHAT does the bee do?
Bring home honey.
What does father do?
Bring home money.
And what does mother do?
Lay out the money.
And what does baby do?
Eat up the honey.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE WIND

I SAW you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold;
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From "Poems and Ballads;" copyright, 1895, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

WHERE GO THE BOATS

DARK brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating —
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From "Poems and Ballads;" copyright, 1895, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

FOREIGN CHILDREN

LITTLE Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine:
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied not to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray,
Into a meadow hard by —
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
And over the hillocks she raced;
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
That each tail should be properly placed.

Mother Goose.

THIS LITTLE PIG

This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had none;
This little pig said, "Wee, Wee!
I can't find my way home."

Mother Goose.

ROCK–A–BYE

Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

Mother Goose.

HUSH–A–BYE

Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

Mother Goose.

SING A SONG

Sing a song of six-pence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
When up came a blackbird
And snapt off her nose.

MOTHER GOOSE.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
Not all the king's horses,
Nor all the king's men,
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again.

MOTHER GOOSE.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

LITTLE boy blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
Where's the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haycock, fast asleep.
Will you awake him? No, not I;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.

MOTHER GOOSE.

MARY, MARY

MARY, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells and silver bells
And pretty maids all of a-row.

MOTHER GOOSE.

I SAW A SHIP

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

MEMORY GEMS

A GOOD name is rather to be chosen than riches.

KIND hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the flowers,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

LITTLE children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise;
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

IF at first you don't succeed
Try, try, again.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

POLITENESS is to do or say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

APRIL showers bring May flowers.

THIRTY days hath September,
April, June and November,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone,
Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.

SECOND YEAR

"ONE, TWO, THREE"

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be —
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee —
It wasn't the china closet;
But still he had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are *warm* and *warmer*,
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be,
So it must be the clothespress, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they had never stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree —
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee —
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER.

From "Poems of H. C. Bunner;" copyright, 1884, 1892, 1896, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A DUTCH LULLABY

WYNKEN, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea, —
"Now cast your nets whenever you wish,
Never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three —
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam.
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea.
But I shall name you the fishermen three —
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea, —
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three —
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

EUGENE FIELD.

From "Love Songs of Childhood;" copyright, 1894, by Eugene Field: published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

LADY MOON

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me:
You are too bold.
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

Lord Houghton.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better —
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low:
You were bright, ah bright! but your light is failing. —
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow:
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it, —
I will not steal it away:
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet, —
I am seven times one to-day!

JEAN INGELOW.

THE BROWN THRUSH

THERE'S a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree,
"He's singing to me! He's singing to me!"
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper-tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!

Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be!"

LUCY LARCOM.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat.
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
What a beautiful Pussy you are —
You are;
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the owl, "You elegant fowl!
How wonderfully sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married, — too long we have tarried, —
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose, —
His nose;
With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon, —
The moon;
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR.

THE JOURNEY

I NEVER saw the hills so far
And blue, the way the pictures are;

And flowers, flowers growing thick,
But not a one for me to pick!

The land was running from the train,
All blurry through the window-pane.

But then it all looked flat and still,
When up there jumped a little hill!

I saw the windows and the spires,
And sparrows sitting on the wires;

And fences, running up and down;
And then we cut straight through a town.

I saw a valley, like a cup;
And ponds that twinkled, and dried up.

I counted meadows, that were burnt;
And there were trees, — and then there weren't!

We crossed the bridges with a roar,
Then hummed, the way we went before.

And tunnels made it dark and light
Like open-work of day and night.

Until I saw the chimneys rise,
And lights and lights and lights, like eyes.

And when they took me through the door,
I heard It all begin to roar. —

I thought — as far as I could see —
That everybody wanted Me!

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

From "The Book of the Little Past," by permission of the author.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast, —
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You, friendly Earth! how far do you go
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper within me seemed to say —
"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

By permission of John Lane, publisher.

HOW MANY SECONDS IN A MINUTE?

How many seconds in a minute?
Sixty, and no more in it.

How many minutes in an hour?
Sixty for sun and shower.

How many hours in a day?
Twenty-four for work and play.

How many days in a week?
Seven both to hear and speak.

How many weeks in a month?
Four, as the swift moon runn'th.

How many months in a year?
Twelve, the almanac makes clear.

How many years in an age?
One hundred, says the sage.

How many ages in time?
No one knows the rhyme.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

MY SHADOW

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow —
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward, you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle, and all
Over the countryside —

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown; —
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MEMORY GEMS

THERE'S nothing so kingly as kindness;
And nothing so royal as truth.

HEARTS, like doors, will ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two of these
Are, "Thank you, sir," and "If you please."

IT is more blessed to give than to receive.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of Eternity.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our Earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

JULIA A. FLETCHER.

THIRD YEAR

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC

Robins in the tree-top,
  Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
  Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
  Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
  Budding out anew;
Pine tree and willow tree,
  Fringed elm and larch, —
Don't you think that May-time's
  Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard
  Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
  Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
  Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs,
  Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
  Moonlight bright as day, —
Don't you think that summer's
  Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn-patch
Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearth side
Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes
Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
Rustling down the wind;
Mother "doin' peaches"
All the afternoon, —
Don't you think that autumn's
Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snow-flakes
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?
Twilight and fire-light
Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh bells
Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings
(Pussy's got the ball), —
Don't you think that Winter's
Pleasanter than all?

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

By permission of the author.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

By permission of E. P. Dutton & Co.

NOVEMBER

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest way-side blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb,
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

Alice Cary.

HE PRAYETH BEST

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

A CHILD'S PRAYER

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A tiny flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbor best.

MATILDA BETHAM-EDWARDS.

A BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

CALLING THE VIOLET

Dear little Violet,
Don't be afraid!
Lift your blue eyes
From the rock's mossy shade!

All the birds call for you
Out of the sky:
May is here, waiting,
And here, too, am I.

Why do you shiver so,
Violet sweet?
Soft is the meadow-grass
Under my feet.

Wrapped in your hood of green,
Violet, why
Peep from your earth-door
So silent and shy?

Trickle the little brooks
Close to your bed;
Softest of fleecy clouds
Float overhead.

"Ready and waiting!"
The slender reeds sigh:
"Ready and waiting!"
We sing — May and I.

Come, pretty Violet,
Winter's away:

Come, for without you
  May isn't May.

Down through the sunshine
  Wings flutter and fly —
Quick, little Violet,
  Open your eye.

Hear the rain whisper,
  "Dear Violet, come!"
How can you stay
  In your underground home?

Up in the pine-boughs
  For you the winds sigh.
Homesick to see you,
  Are we — May and I.

Hay though you care not
  For call or for shout,
You troop of sunbeams
  Are winning you out.

Now all is beautiful
  Under the sky,
May's here, — and violets,
  Winter, good by.

LUCY LARCOM.

A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap —
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen! —
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys — and Saint Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney Saint Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot:
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE.

BOBOLINK

BOBOLINK —
He is here!
Spink-a-chink!
Hark! how clear
Drops the note
From his throat,

Where he sways
On the sprays
Of the wheat
In the heat!
Bobolink,
Spink-a-chink!

Bobolink
Is a beau!
See him prink!
Watch him go
Through the air
To his fair!
Hear him sing
On the wing, —
Sing his best
O'er her nest:
"Bobolink,
Spink-a-chink!"

Bobolink,
Linger long!
There 's a kink
In your song
Like the joy
Of a boy
Left to run
In the sun, —
Left to play
All the day.
Bobolink,
Spink-a-chink!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

By permission of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

FRAIDIE-CAT

I SHAN'T tell you what's his name:
When we want to play a game,
Always thinks that he'll be hurt,
Soil his jacket in the dirt,
Tear his trousers, spoil his hat, —
Fraidie-Cat! Fraidie-Cat!

Nothing of the boy in him!
"Dasn't" try to learn to swim;
Says a cow'll hook; if she
Looks at him he'll climb a tree.
"Scart" to death at bee or bat, —
Fraidie-Cat! Fraidie-Cat!

Claims the're ghosts all snowy white
Wandering around at night
In the attic: wouldn't go
There for anything, I know.
B'lieve he'd run if you said "Scat!"
Fraidie-Cat! Fraidie-Cat!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

From "A Boy's Book of Rhyme," by permission of the author.

THE SANDMAN

THE rosy clouds float overhead,
The sun is going down:
And now the sandman's gentle tread
Comes stealing through the town.
"White sand, white sand," he softly cries,
And as he shakes his hand,
Straightway there lies on babies' eyes
His gift of shining sand.

Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes
Through the town.

From sunny beaches far away —
Yes, in another land —
He gathers up at break of day
His store of shining sand.
No tempests beat that shore remote,
No ships may sail that way;
His little boat alone may float
Within that lovely bay.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes
Through the town.

He smiles to see the eyelids close
Above the happy eyes;
And every child right well he knows, —
Oh, he is very wise!
But if, as he goes through the land,
A naughty baby cries,
His other hand takes dull gray sand
To close the wakeful eyes.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes
Through the town.

So when you hear the sandman's song
Sound through the twilight sweet,
Be sure you do not keep him long
A-waiting on the street.
Lie softly down, dear little head,
Rest quiet, busy hands,
Till by your bed his good-night said,
He strews the shining sands.

Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes
Through the town.

MARGARET VANDERGRIFT.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

OH, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee;
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war wing'd its wide desolation,
And threaten'd the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm:
With the garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;
May the service united ne'er sever,
But hold to their colors so true;
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

MEMORY GEMS

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.

All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Cary.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

Chesterfield.

You cannot change yesterday, that is clear,
Or begin to-morrow until it is here.
So the only thing left for you and for me
Is to make to-day as sweet as can be.

Beautiful hands are those who do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Longfellow.

The truth is always the strongest argument.

Sophocles.

The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do.

Emerson.

FOURTH YEAR

FAIRY FOLK

A CHILD'S SONG

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
  Some make their home,—
They live on crispy pancakes
  Of yellow tide foam:
Some in the reeds
  Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch dogs,
  All night awake.

High on the hill-top
  The old King sits:
He is now so old and gray
  He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
  Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
  From Slieveleague to Rosses;

Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men:
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together:
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE NIGHT WIND

HAVE you ever heard the wind go "Yoooooo?"
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
When folks should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:
"Yoooooo! Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
When I was a little lad
That when the night went wailing so,
Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said!
And wonder what boy she meant.
And, "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
"Yoooooo! Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo!"

That this was true, I must allow—
You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
I was not always so.

And if you doubt what things I say,
Suppose you make the test;
Suppose that when you've been bad some day,
And up to bed are sent away
From mother and the rest —
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone:
"Yoooooo! Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo!"

EUGENE FIELD.

From "Love Songs of Childhood;" copyright, 1894, by Eugene Field: published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

JACK FROST

THE Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they!"

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear,
Which he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair —
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking!"

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

SEPTEMBER

THE golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest,
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brook-side
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

But none of all this beauty
Which floods the earth and air
Is unto me the secret
Which makes September fair.

'Tis a thing which I remember;
To name it thrills me yet;
One day of one September
I never can forget.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

By permission of Little, Brown & Co.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE WIND AND THE MOON

SAID the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out;
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about —
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge,
And my wedge,
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone —
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar —
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage — he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew — till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the Queen of the Night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
Good faith!
I blew her to death —
First blew her away right out of the sky —
Then blew her in; what strength have I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;
For high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE BLUEBIRD

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple-tree, swinging and swaying:

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer,
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here!

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you, arise;
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold:
Daffodils, daffodils! say, do you hear?
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here!"

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

By permission of the author.

JIM CROW

OH, say, Jim Crow,
Why is it you always go
With a gloomy coat of black
The year long on your back?
Why don't you change its hue,
At least for a day or two,
To red or green or blue?

And why do you always wear
Such a sober, sombre air,
As glum as the face of Care?
I wait for your reply,
  And into the peaceful pause
There comes your curious, croaking cry, —
  "Oh, because! 'cause! 'cause!"

Oh, say, Jim Crow,
Why, when the farmers sow,
And the corn springs up in the row,
And the days that once were brief
Grow long, and laugh into leaf,
Do you play the rascally thief?
I can see by the look in your eye, —
Wary and wise and sly, —
  That you know the code in vogue;
Why will you, then, oh, why,
  Persist in the path of the rogue?
I hearken for your reply,
  And into the empty pause
There rings your graceless, grating cry,—
  "Oh, because! 'cause! 'cause!"

And say, Jim Crow,
With all the lore you know,—
  Lore of the wood and field,
Lore of the clouds, and the clear
Depths of the atmosphere,
  To our duller ken concealed,—
Why is it you ever speak
With a mingled squawk and squeak?
You, with your talents all,
  And your knowledge of this and that,

Why must you sing like a squall,
And talk like a perfect "flat?"
I listen for your reply,
But in the lapse and the pause
All I hear is your impudent cry, —
"Oh, because! 'cause! 'cause!"

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

From "The Lyric Bough," by permission of the author.

SWEET AND LOW

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;

With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,

And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread;

Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

LUCY GRAY

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
— The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night —
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father! will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon —
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!"

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band;
He plied his work; — and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept — and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet;"
— When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

— Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

MEMORY GEMS

CONTENTMENT is better than riches.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever.

KEATS.

HEAVEN helps those who help themselves.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

CONSIDER the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

BIBLE.

LIVES of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us,
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

LONGFELLOW.

WRITE it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year.

IF wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

SIN has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

HOLMES.

To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in, and
To lend a hand.

HALE.

HABIT is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

HORACE MANN.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, an American journalist, poet and novelist, was born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1836, and died at Boston in 1907. He became connected with the *Atlantic Monthly* and in 1883 was made its editor.

Among his books of poems are "Cloth of Gold," "Flower and Thorn," "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book." Among his best known prose works are "The Story of a Bad Boy" and "Prudence Palfrey." He is also a writer of short stories, the best of which is "Marjorie Daw." His style is charming, graceful, and genuinely witty.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, an Irish poet and novelist, was born in 1818 at Straebane, Ireland, and died in 1895 at Londonderry. Her publications include stories and poems for children, all written anonymously. She is best known as a writer of religious poems.

William Allingham, an Irish poet, was born in Ballyshannon, Ireland, in 1828; died in 1889. He began writing at an early age. Removing to England, he was appointed to a position in the customs. He published a volume of poems in 1850 and "Day and Night Songs" in 1854.

Phillips Brooks, an American clergyman and religious writer, was born in Boston, Mass., in 1835; died there in 1893. He was educated at the Boston Latin School and Harvard University. He was a magnetic, forceful, and sympathetic preacher and was one of the

foremost pulpit orators of America. All of his writings are spiritual in character.

Henry Cuyler Bunner, an American poet, journalist and writer of short stories, was born at Oswego, N. Y., in 1855; died at Nutley, N. J., in 1896. He was not a college graduate but was always a careful student and an energetic worker. In 1877 he became assistant editor of *Puck* and soon afterwards its chief editor. He did some of his best work for this paper.

Alice Cary was born near Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1820, and died at New York in 1871. She and her sister, Phœbe Cary, came to New York in early womanhood and soon won a place in the literary life of that city. While she wrote novels and sketches of western life, her principal literary production was of verse. Her poems are marked by grace and simple melody.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, an English poet and philosopher, was born at Ottery St. Mary, England, in 1772; died at Highgate, London, in 1834. As a boy he was recognized as a genius. He went to Jesus College, Cambridge, but left there before he took his degree. He wrote his best poetry before he was twenty-eight years of age; after that his notable writings were prose.

Among his best poems are "The Ode on the Departing Year," "Christabel," and the "Ancient Mariner." Together with Southey and Wordsworth he formed what is known as the Lake School of Poets.

Matilda Barbara Betham-Edwards, an English novelist, was born at Westerfield, Suffolk, in 1836. She has written numerous novels and books for children.

Eugene Field, an American poet and journalist, was born at Chicago in 1850, and died in 1895. After studying at Williams College, Knox College and the University of Missouri, he went abroad. Upon his return he began to write for several papers in his native State. In 1881, while writing for the Denver *Tribune*, he came forward as a writer of humorous sketches. He then joined the staff of the Chicago *Daily News* and in the "Sharps and Flats" column of that paper first appeared the children's poems and dialect poems which have made him famous, not only in America but in Europe. Among them "Little Boy Blue," "A Dutch Lullaby" ("Wynken, Blynken and Nod") and half a dozen others are already classic. These poems inspired by his love for children are, in their mingled quaintness, humor and pathos, comparable only to similar work of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Hannah Flagg Gould, an American poet, was born at Lancaster, Mass., in 1789; died in 1865. She has written many poems in a simple and pleasing style.

James Hogg, a Scottish poet and prose writer, was known as "The Ettrick Shepherd." He was born in the Ettrick Forest in 1770; died at Eltrive Lake in 1835. His prose writings do not possess the same merit as his poems, and the latter, with the exception of "The Boy's Song" and "Kilmeny" are only mediocre.

Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, an English poet and miscellaneous writer, was born in London, 1809, and died in 1885. He was exceptionally successful as a writer of songs to be set to music. Among his works are "Poems, Legendary and Historical,"

"Palm Leaves," "Life Letters and Literary Remains of John Keats."

JEAN INGELOW, an English poet and writer of romance, was born in Boston, Lincolnshire, in 1830; died at Kensington in 1897. Her poems, especially "High Tide off the Coast of Lincolnshire," "Divided," the "Songs of Seven" and other lyrics, are replete with true poetic insight and feeling. She attained popularity in America as well as in England. Her poems are written in strong but simple language.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON, better known as Helen Hunt, an American novelist and poet, was born at Amherst, Mass., in 1831 and died in San Francisco in 1885. Her verse is characterized by sympathy with all human joy and sorrow and deep feeling for the beauty and truth embodied in nature. Her best prose works are "A Century of Dishonor" and a fine romance of early Spanish and Indian life in California entitled "Ramona," in which the rights of the Indians, towards whom she was always compassionate, are earnestly championed.

LUCY LARCOM was born at Beverly Farms, Mass., in 1826 and died in 1893. She was for a number of years the editor of *Our Young Folks*. Her writings include stories for children and several volumes of poems.

EDWARD LEAR was born in London, England, in 1813 and died in 1888. He was a landscape painter of some merit and an author of nonsense verse and songs for children. Mr. Lear was a friend of Tennyson, who addressed to him some of his poems.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, an American poet, was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807; died at Cam-

bridge, Mass., in 1882. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825 in the same class with Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the following year received the appointment of Professor of Modern Languages in his Alma Mater. He studied three years in Europe before taking up his duties. In 1835, having received an appointment in Harvard College, he moved to Cambridge and made his home there during the remainder of his life. He is, perhaps, the most popular of the American poets; for the truth and simplicity of his sentiments and the graceful manner in which they are expressed appeal to humanity. In his poems, especially in "Evangeline," "Hiawatha" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish," he has done much to immortalize incidents in American history. Among his well-known shorter poems are "The Children's Hour," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Village Blacksmith" and "Excelsior."

George MacDonald, a Scottish poet and novelist, was born at Huntley, Aberdeenshire, in 1824 and was educated at the University of Aberdeen. He studied theology and became an independent minister, but later resigned the ministry, went to London and began his literary work. He afterwards removed to Italy. Among the best of his novels are "The Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood" and "Donald Grant." He died in 1905.

Emily Huntington Miller, an American juvenile writer, was born at Brooklyn, Conn., in 1833. She was educated at Oberlin College and in 1860 was married to John E. Miller, also a graduate of Oberlin. Mrs. Miller's literary work began when she was a school-girl. Her productions were published in all of the leading periodicals for children.

Dr. Clement Clarke Moore, an American scholar and poet, was born at New York in 1779 and died at Newport, R. I., in 1863. He was for many years Professor of Oriental and Greek Literature in the General Theological Seminary in New York City. He published several Greek and Hebrew textbooks, but is best remembered as the author of the verses "'Twas the Night Before Christmas." This poem, sometimes called "A Visit from St. Nicholas," was founded upon an old Dutch legend, and has become a classic for children.

Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Lionel S. Marks) was born at New York; studied at Radcliffe College and was an instructor in English literature at Wellesley College. She has written delightful poems for children and has contributed to the leading magazines. She has also written several poetical dramas, the most recent one of which, "The Piper," founded upon Browning's poem "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," was successfully produced at the New Theatre, New York, during the season of 1911.

William Brighty Rands, an English novelist and poet, was born in 1827 and died in 1882. He contributed largely to periodical literature under the pseudonym of Matthew Browne.

Christina G. Rossetti, an English poet of some renown, was born in London in 1830 and died in 1894. Among her well-known poems are "The Prince's Progress," "Sing Song," "A Pageant," "Time Flies."

Clinton Scollard, an American poet, was born at Clinton, N. Y., in 1860. After graduating at Hamilton College he studied at Harvard and also abroad. He

has published the following volumes of poems: "Pictures in Songs," "With Reed and Lyre," "Old and New Lyrics," "A Boy's Book of Rhyme," "The Lyric Bough."

Samuel Francis Smith, author of "My Country, 'tis of Thee," was an American clergyman and poet, born in Boston in 1808; died there in 1895. He graduated at Harvard in 1829 in the same class with Oliver Wendell Holmes. He wrote the National Hymn while at Andover studying theology. It was written for a children's Fourth of July celebration and was first publicly sung in the Park Street Church in Boston.

Robert Louis Stevenson, a Scottish novelist, essayist, and poet, was born at Edinburgh in 1850; died at Apia, Samoa, in 1894. He received his education at Cambridge, studied law and was admitted to the bar. He began his literary career by contributing to magazines. In 1879 he came to America and crossed the continent in an emigrant car. In his prose writings he combines powers of imagination and an unsurpassed faculty of telling a story with a finished and polished style. His poems of childhood show an unerring and sympathetic knowledge of child nature.

Of his many novels "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is the most widely known. Some of his other works are "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "Prince Otto," "The Wrecker," "Underwoods," "Across the Plains" and "A Child's Garden of Verse."

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, a celebrated English poet, was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, in 1809; died at Aldworth House, near Haslemere, Surrey, in 1892. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1850

he was appointed Poet Laureate of England through Prince Albert's admiration for "In Memoriam." He was buried in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer.

Some of his principal poems are "Maud," "Idylls of the King," "Enoch Arden," "The Princess," "Locksley Hall." Many of his poems are masterpieces of poetic genius and all of them are finished and artistic. This is especially true of his lyrics, such as the "Bugle Song" and the "Cradle Song."

Margaret Vandergrift is the pen name under which Margaret Janvier, an American novelist and poet, wrote. She was born in New Orleans in 1844, and has published some stories for girls and a number of poems.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born in the town of Haverhill, Mass., on Dec. 17, 1807, and died in 1892. He is known as the "Quaker poet" and also as the "poet of freedom." Poverty stood in the way of an education, but by wide and well-chosen reading he complemented his rather meagre schooling. That he was never robust in health was probably due to the hard work and exposure of his boyhood on his father's farm, but his spirit was strong.

He allied himself with the cause of freedom and wrote many anti-slavery poems. "Voices of Freedom" appeared in 1849. Another collection, "House Ballads," includes "Maud Muller," "Barefoot Boy," "Angels of Buena Vista," "Skipper Ireson's Ride." "Barbara Frietchie" appeared in the collection entitled "In War Time" and is one of his best known poems.

Whittier's greatest fame is as a writer of stories in verse, and as a writer of lyrics, some of which are among

the most beautiful in our language. "Snow-Bound" is a vivid portrayal of New England life.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, one of the foremost of English poets, was born at Cockermouth among the hills of northwestern England in 1770. After his graduation from Cambridge University in 1791 he went to France. While there he became ardently interested in the cause of the French Revolution but was prevented by his friends from joining the revolutionists. After a period of travel he settled in the lake region of England, where he spent the greater part of his long life in a close friendship with Coleridge, Southey and other writers.

In his poems Wordsworth shows a keen delight in nature and a sympathy with common life. While his poems are uneven in quality some of them are among the finest verse of the English language. His "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" has been called the "high water mark of poetry" in the nineteenth century.

Wordsworth was appointed Poet Laureate in 1843 and died in 1850.

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BOOK TWO

FIFTH YEAR

SELECTIONS FOR MEMORIZING

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountainside or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name,
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright, black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note,
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,

"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat,
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight;
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood;
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
  Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
  Half forgotten that merry air,
    "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows, but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
    Chee, chee, chee!"

Summer wanes, the children are grown,
  Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone,
  Off he flies and we sing as he goes,
    "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
    Chee, chee, chee!"

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

By permission of D. Appleton & Company.

THE TREE

THE Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
    "No, leave them alone
    Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind as he swung.

"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see;
Take them: all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin Company.

TO-DAY

HERE hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new day was born;
Into Eternity
At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

THOMAS CARLYLE.

OLD IRONSIDES[1]

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar; —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee; —
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[1] Also designated for Collateral Reading in connection with Sixth Year History.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

O SUNS and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather,

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And golden-rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

By permission of Little, Brown & Co.

THE SHIP OF STATE

From "The Building of the Ship"

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not the rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempests' roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin Company.

THE BUILDERS

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HOME, SWEET HOME

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call, —
Give me them, — and the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS [1]

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it, — ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it! — From the vale
On they come! — And will ye quail? —
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may, — and die we must;

[1] Also designated for Collateral Reading in connection with Sixth Year History.

But, oh, where can dust to dust
  Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
  Of his deeds to tell!

JOHN PIERPONT.

LULLABY FOR TITANIA

From "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

First Fairy

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh!
So good-night, with lullaby.

Second Fairy

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh!
So good-night, with lullaby.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE BLUE JAY

O BLUE JAY up in the maple-tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,
How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your vest?
Tell me, I pray you, — tell me true!

Did you dip your wings in azure dye,
When April began to paint the sky,
That was pale with the winter's stay?
Or were you hatched from a blue-bell bright,
'Neath the warm, gold breast of a sunbeam light,
By the river one blue spring day?

O Blue Jay up in the maple-tree,
A-tossing your saucy head at me,
With ne'er a word for my questioning,
Pray, cease for a moment your "ting-a-link,"
And hear when I tell you what I think, —
You bonniest bit of spring.

I think when the fairies made the flowers,
To grow in these mossy fields of ours,
Periwinkles and violets rare,
There was left of the spring's own color, blue,
Plenty to fashion a flower whose hue
Would be richer than all and as fair.

So, putting their wits together, they
Made one great blossom so bright and gay,
The lily beside it seemed blurred:
And then they said, "We will toss it in air;
So many blue blossoms grow everywhere,
Let this pretty one be a bird!"

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

By permission of Dana Estes & Co.

THE BROOK

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down the valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

MEMORY GEMS

Pleasure comes through toil; when one gets to love his work, his life is a happy one.

Ruskin.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.

The Bible.

The best hearts are always the bravest.

Sterne.

Our life is what our thoughts make it.

Do not make a weak excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

Truth lies at the bottom of the well.

Handsome is that handsome does.

Goldsmith.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near to God is man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies "I can."

EMERSON.

A FRIEND in need is a friend indeed.

ONE cannot always be a hero,
But one can always be a man.

GOETHE.

OUR to-days and yesterdays are the blocks with which we build.

LONGFELLOW.

A MERRY heart doeth good like a medicine.

THE BIBLE.

I DO not think much of the man who is not wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

LINCOLN.

HONOR and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

POPE.

BE not simply good; be good for something.

THOREAU.

HISTORY SELECTIONS FOR COLLATERAL READING

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendour.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight?
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail;
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,
'Death without quarter!'
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower
Which to this very hour
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes;
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another.

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! skoal!"
Thus the tale ended.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

COLUMBUS

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone;
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave wash'd his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.

These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak, and say —"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew— a star-lit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world! he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

From "The Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller," by permission of the Whitaker & Ray Company.

POCAHONTAS

WEARIED arm and broken sword
Wage in vain the desperate fight;
Round him press a countless horde,
He is but a single knight.

Hark! a cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the funeral pyre,
And the torch of death they light;
Ah! 'tis hard to die by fire!
Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd;
Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng with sudden start
See, there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight:
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring!
I am the daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
Lifted axe and thirsty knife,
Fondly to his heart she clings,
And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhattan,
Still 'tis told by Indian fires
How a daughter of their sires
Saved a captive Englishman.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea:
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam:
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amid that pilgrim band;
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
  Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
  And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
  Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
  They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay! call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod:
They have left unstained what there they found,
  Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA BROWNE HEMANS.

THE CORN-SONG

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard!
  Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
  From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
  The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
  The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
  Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
  Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME

THE Quaker of the olden time!
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all,
He walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law;
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
  That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive, makes
  His brother's sin his own.
And, pausing not for doubtful choice
  Of evils great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
  Which called away from all.

O Spirit of that early day,
  So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
  Our faithful fathers knew.
Give strength the evil to forsake,
  The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
  Our daily lives a prayer!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

SIXTH YEAR

SELECTIONS FOR MEMORIZING

BEFORE THE RAIN

We knew it would rain, for all the morn,
  A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
  Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,
  Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
  To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
  The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind — and the lightning now
  Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin Company.

THE FLAG GOES BY

HATS off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
  Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor, — all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.

By permission of the author.

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

From "Pippa Passes"

THE year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;

The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING.

CONCORD HYMN [1]

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE BATTLE MONUMENT, APRIL 19, 1836

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[1] Also designated for Collateral Reading in connection with Sixth Year History.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE COMING OF SPRING

THERE'S something in the air
That's new and sweet and rare —
A scent of summer things,
A whir as if of wings.

There's something, too, that's new
In the color of the blue
That's in the morning sky,
Before the sun is high.

And though on plain and hill,
'Tis winter, winter still,
There's something seems to say
That winter's had its day.

And all this changing tint,
  This whispering stir and hint
Of bud and bloom and wing,
  Is the coming of the spring.

And to-morrow or to-day
  The brooks will break away
From their icy, frozen sleep,
  And run and laugh and leap!

And the next thing, in the woods,
  The catkins in their hoods
Of fur and silk will stand,
  A sturdy little band.

And the tassels soft and fine
  Of the hazel will entwine,
And the elder branches show
  Their buds against the snow.

So, silently, but swift,
  Above the wintry drift,
The long days gain and gain,
  Until, on hill and plain, —

Once more, and yet once more,
  Returning as before,
We see the bloom of birth
  Make young again the earth.

NORA PERRY

SHERIDAN'S RIDE[1]

UP from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,

[1] Also designated for Collateral Reading in connection with Sixth Year History.

The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell — but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,

And the landscape flowed away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire;
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done — what to do — A glance told him both.
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray,
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester town to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah! for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah! for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky —
The American soldier's Temple of Fame —
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

By permission of the J. B. Lippincott Company.

PUCK AND THE FAIRY

From "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats, spots you see;
These be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

From "The Merchant of Venice"

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above the sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MAY

MAY shall make the world anew;
Golden sun and silver dew,
Money minted in the sky,
Shall the earth's new garments buy.
May shall make the orchards bloom;
And the blossoms' fine perfume
Shall set all the honey-bees
Murmuring among the trees.
May shall make the bud appear
Like a jewel, crystal clear,
'Mid the leaves upon the limb
Where the robin lilts his hymn.
May shall make the wild flowers tell
Where the shining snowflakes fell;
Just as though each snowflake's heart,
By some secret, magic art,
Were transmuted to a flower
In the sunlight and the shower.
Is there such another, pray,
Wonder-making month as May?

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin Company.

JULY

When the scarlet cardinal tells
  Her dream to the dragon fly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees,
  And murmurs a lullaby,
    It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls
  The cornflower's cap awry,
And the lilies tall lean over the wall
  To bow to the butterfly,
    It is July.

When the heat like a mist-veil floats,
  And poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
  Has softened almost to a sigh,
    It is July.

When the hours are so still that time
  Forgets them, and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
  At the sunset in the sky,
    It is July.

When each finger-post by the way
  Says that Slumbertown is nigh;
And the grass is tall, and the roses fall
  And nobody wonders why,
    It is July.

Susan Hartley Swett.

By permission of Dana Estes & Co.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring;

And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory!

CHARLES WOLFE.

MEMORY GEMS

HAVE you had a kindness shown? Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone — pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears — pass it on.

No one can disgrace us but ourselves.

HOLLAND.

BE good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

KINGSLEY.

HOWE'ER it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON.

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself.

For truth has such a face and such a mien
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

DRYDEN.

CATO said the best way to keep good acts in memory was to refresh them with new.

BACON.

CHEERFULNESS costs nothing and yet it is invaluable.

DILIGENCE is the mother of good luck.

FRANKLIN.

He who has a thousand friends
Has not a friend to spare,
And he who has an enemy
Shall meet him everywhere.

A GOOD name is to be chosen rather than riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

THE BIBLE.

NOT he who boasts of his country, but he who does something to make his country better, is the real patriot.

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

BURNS.

HISTORY SELECTIONS FOR COLLATERAL READING

THE WAR INEVITABLE

It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope; we are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging from the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and this House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir, it will prove a snare to your feet; suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let

us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, and the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask the gentlemen, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held it up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, let us not deceive ourselves any longer. We have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we wish to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long

engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!

. . . . . .

They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest; there is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston; the war is inevitable, and let it come; I repeat it, sir, — let it come! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace! But there is no peace! The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our

brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me — give me liberty, or give me death!

PATRICK HENRY.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flames with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.

He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;

When waking to their tents on fire
  They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
  Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
  A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
  Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
  From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
  And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
  As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
  To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
  That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly,
  On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
  The band that Marion leads —
The glitter of their rifles,
  The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
  Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
  That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp —
  A moment — and away
Back to the pathless forest,
  Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band,
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

OH, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming —
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:

'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footstep's pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation.
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto — "In God is our trust:"
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

REPLY TO HAYNE

(*Last paragraph*)

WHILE the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and for our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments

of a once glorious Union; on States, severed, discordant, belligerent: on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, — bearing, for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" — nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards," — but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

(*Last paragraph*)

WITH malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel:
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on!

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

By permission of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
Oh, the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up! — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

By permission of David McKay, publisher.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall, —

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!" — the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!" — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

WHEN the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.

She took the tried clay of the common road —
Clay warm yet with the ancient heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The mercy of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;
The undelaying justice of the light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind —
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

Sprung from the West,
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve —
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.
And evermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king:

He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the thinking heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place —
Held the long purpose like a growing tree —
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

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THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day; —
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet; —

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day;—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day; —
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day; —
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there:
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,

Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance:
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall fall beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave.
When Death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,

And smile to see thy splendors fly,
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

J. R. Drake.

The following additional poems for Collateral Reading in connection with Sixth Year History are included among the Selections for Memorizing.

Fifth Year

"Old Ironsides," Holmes, p. 7.

"Warren's Address to the American Soldiers," Pierpont, p. 12.

Sixth Year

"Sheridan's Ride," Read, p. 38.

"The Concord Hymn," Emerson, p. 35.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, an American journalist, poet and novelist, was born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1836, and died at Boston in 1907. He became connected with the *Atlantic Monthly* and in 1883 was made its editor.

Among his books of poems are "Cloth of Gold," "Flower and Thorn," "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book." Among his best known prose works are "The Story of a Bad Boy" and "Prudence Palfrey." He is also a writer of short stories, the best of which is "Marjorie Daw." His style is charming, graceful and genuinely witty.

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT, a magazine writer, was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, December 5, 1863. He was educated in the public schools of Chillicothe and at Kenyon College, Ohio. Mr. Bennett is a writer chiefly of army stories and ornithological articles, with his own illustrations. He is also a water colorist in landscape, birds and animals.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON, a Norwegian journalist, poet and novelist, was born at Koikne Osterdalen, Norway, in 1832 and died in 1911. While a student at the University of Christiania he began writing for periodicals.

He became editor of a newspaper and later of an illustrated journal. During the years following this he was a voluminous writer of tales, poems and dramas. Among his more recent works are "A Happy Boy," "Flags are Flying," and "In God's Way."

Robert Browning, an English poet, was born at Camberwell, a suburb of London, in 1812; died at Venice, Italy, in 1889.

He was educated at the London University, and soon after he produced "Paracelsus," his first notable work. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett and took up his residence in Italy. The titles of some of his principal volumes of poems are "Men and Women," "The Soul's Errand," "The Ring and the Book." Much of Browning's poetry is not easily read, for his style is obscure and he deals with psychological problems. He is, however, a great dramatic poet; "Pippa Passes" is the best example of this side of his art. He was also a vigorous writer of lyrics, of which the best known are "Hervé Riel" and "The Lost Leader." "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is already a classic for children.

William Cullen Bryant was born among the hills of western Massachusetts in 1794. The precocity of his genius for poetry is the marvel of American literary annals.

When very young he began to write verses, and while a boy wished to be a poet. He wrote translations from some of the Latin poets at ten years of age. Before he was eighteen he composed "Thanatopsis," — "not only the finest poem which had been produced on this continent but one of the most remarkable poems ever produced at so early an age."

Bryant was educated at Williams College and was admitted to the bar in 1815, but he soon gave up the law and devoted himself to literature. In 1821 he delivered the annual poem at Harvard. This fine poem was entitled "The Ages," and not long afterward he published it, together with "Thanatopsis," "To a Waterfowl" and a few others. Through the influence of friends which

this little volume had won for him, he went to New York and was soon appointed editor of the *Evening Post,* a position he held for more than fifty years.

Bryant was a poet of nature; he loved and wrote of the forest, the birds and the streams. All his work is of high order. He was a perfect master of English and his verse is dignified and simple. He died in New York at the age of eighty-four, widely known and honored.

Thomas Carlyle, one of the foremost of British essayists and historians, was born at Ecclefechan, Scotland, in 1795, and died in London in 1881. Despite his poverty he secured an education, and after teaching a few years devoted himself to literature. He made translations of German authors and wrote a splendid series of critical and biographical essays. His most important works are "Sartor Resartus," his history of the French Revolution and a life of Frederick the Great. His literary style is forceful but his books appeal chiefly to scholars.

Joseph Rodman Drake was born in New York in 1795 and died there in 1820. He was educated at Columbia College, and studied medicine, but soon turned to literature as his life work. He was closely associated with his distinguished friend, Fitz-Greene Halleck, socially and in literary pursuits. The last four lines of "The American Flag" are from Halleck's pen.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, an American philosopher and poet, was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, and died at Concord, Mass., in 1882. He was descended from a long line of ministers and was destined by his father to follow the same profession. Emerson entered Harvard College at thirteen and after graduation taught for several years. In 1827 he became pastor of a Unitarian church

in Boston where he preached for four years. He then resigned his charge and devoted the rest of his life to study and literary work. With Hawthorne, Thoreau and others he belonged to the so-called "Concord School" of writers which has contributed largely to the literature of New England. While Emerson wrote poetry of a high order he is best known as an essayist and orator.

Francis Miles Finch, a distinguished lawyer and poet, was born at Ithaca, N. Y., in 1827 and died in 1907. He was a graduate from Yale University and entered the legal profession, becoming a judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. His best known poem entitled "The Blue and the Gray" is a beautiful tribute to the soldiers who fell in the Civil War.

Felicia Browne Hemans was born in Liverpool, England, in 1793 and died in Dublin, Ireland, in 1835. She was the wife of Captain Hemans of the British Army. At the time of her death she was probably the most popular woman poet of the day. Many of her songs, including "The Landing of the Pilgrims," have been set to music and are still well known.

Patrick Henry, an American orator and patriot, was born at Studley, Va., in 1736 and died at Red Hill, Va., in 1799. He was a lawyer by profession and was twice elected governor of Virginia. He was a leader of the political agitation in the colonies preceding the American Revolution and opposed with all the power of his eloquence the unjust measures passed by Parliament which affected the Colonies.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, one of the most original as well as one of the wittiest of American authors, was

born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809, and died in 1894. While at Harvard College, where he received his education, he began to write both prose and poetry, contributing largely to the college paper. After he had finished his college course he began the study of law but soon turned from this to medicine, going to Europe for study and receiving his degree in 1836. He then became professor of anatomy in Harvard Medical College, remaining in this position for many years. His first volume of poems was published in 1836 and contained "The Chambered Nautilus," "Old Ironsides" and the "Wonderful One-Hoss Shay." These three selections alone serve to give a clear conception of the variety of his style. Many of his poems are full of humor and some of them present a rare combination of humor and pathos. In 1857 he contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* a series of essays entitled "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." This was followed by other volumes of essays of a similar nature and commonly known as the "Breakfast Table Series." For genuine humor, wit and literary finish these are unequalled in English literature. After their publication his highest fame was as a writer of prose. He wrote novels, of which the best known is "Elsie Venner," and also wrote and lectured on subjects connected with the profession of medicine. Dr. Holmes was one of the renowned group of New England writers which included Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Hawthorne and Thoreau.

Julia Ward Howe, an American poet and philanthropist, was born in New York City in 1819 and died in 1910. She was an untiring worker with both tongue and pen, taking a prominent part in the so-called "woman's rights" movement. In 1861 she wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," while visiting the

camp near Washington. Sung to the tune of "John Brown" it quickly became popular and remained so throughout the Civil War.

Helen Hunt Jackson, better known as Helen Hunt, an American novelist and poet, was born at Amherst, Mass., in 1831 and died in San Francisco in 1885. Her verse is characterized by sympathy with all human joy and sorrow and deep feeling for the beauty and truth embodied in nature. Her best prose works are "A Century of Dishonor" and a fine romance of early Spanish and Indian life in California entitled "Ramona," in which the rights of the Indians, towards whom she was always compassionate, are earnestly championed. She sometimes wrote under the pseudonym of "Saxe Holme."

Francis Scott Key, the author of the popular national song "The Star-Spangled Banner," was born in Maryland in 1779 and died in 1843. He wrote a number of other poems, but it is chiefly upon this one that his fame rests.

Abraham Lincoln, the 16th President of the United States, was born in Hardin County, Ky., Feb. 12, 1809, and died at Washington, April 15, 1865. His boyhood was passed in poverty and amid hardship and he had no advantages for an education. In 1832 the Black Hawk War broke out, and Lincoln, then a young man of twenty-three, led a company of volunteers against the Indians. Two years later he was elected to the Illinois legislature. With no one to direct him in his study he obtained a meagre education through a careful perusal of the few books that came into his possession. It is said that after he had become prominent in public life and had served a term in Congress, feeling

the need of a better education, he took up the study of geometry, history, literature and German. He kept up this study during his leisure hours outside of his profession, which was the law, until he became absorbed in the anti-slavery struggle. He was unsuccessful as candidate for United States Senator from Illinois, but, in 1860, was elected President and was inaugurated March 4, 1861. When he entered upon the duties of this office he was comparatively unknown to a large section of the country and his ability was mistrusted by many. It was a period of violent unrest, and the great Civil War which followed tested and tried him as no other President of the United States has been tested and tried. It was largely due to his patience, sagacity and judgment that the Union was finally saved.

Lincoln has not generally been classed as a man of letters, but his "Inaugural Addresses," "The Emancipation Proclamation," and the "Gettysburg Speech" are among the classics of American literature.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, an American poet, was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807; died at Cambridge, Mass., in 1882. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825 in the same class with Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the following year received the appointment of Professor of Modern Languages in his Alma Mater. He studied three years in Europe before taking up his duties. In 1835, having received an appointment in Harvard College, he moved to Cambridge and made his home there during the remainder of his life. He is, perhaps, the most popular of the American poets, for the truth and simplicity of his sentiments and the graceful manner in which they are expressed, appeal to humanity. In his poems, especially in "Evangeline," "Hiawatha" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish," he has done

much to immortalize in poetry incidents in American history. Among his well-known shorter poems are "The Children's Hour," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Village Blacksmith" and "Excelsior."

James Russell Lowell was one of America's most distinguished men of letters — poet, essayist, critic. He was born at Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 22, 1819, and spent his life there, with the exception of years spent in travel and study in Europe and the period of his residence abroad as American minister to Spain and England. His first literary work was poetry. Some of his finest poems are "The Harvard Commemoration Ode," and that written under the Old Elm at Cambridge. His series of dialect poems, the "Biglow Papers," rank among the best of political satires. In direct contrast to these stands his "Vision of Sir Launfal," which is unsurpassed in exquisite workmanship and in lofty sentiment. Lowell's work shows power of thought and emotion. His themes are love, patriotism, religion, hope and truth.

In his prose writings Lowell shows keen wit and humor, as well as power and strength, and as a critic he holds a foremost place. He was for many years connected with Harvard University; at the same time he edited the *Atlantic Monthly* and afterwards the *North American Review*. Few men have been more thoroughly and proudly American than he, and through his diplomatic life abroad as well as through his writings he did much to make American letters and culture respected.

He died August 1, 1891, after a life of more than threescore and ten years, recognized everywhere as a man of broad culture and of noble character.

Edwin Markham, poet, writer and lecturer, was born at Oregon City, Ore., April 23, 1852. As a boy he

worked at herding cattle and sheep. His education was received at the San José Normal School and the Santa Rosa College. He was for a number of years a superintendent of schools in California, but has recently been living in the East, where he is a valued contributor to the leading magazines. His best known poem, "The Man with the Hoe," is founded upon Millet's great painting "The Angelus."

Cincinnatus Heine Miller, who wrote under the name of *Joaquin Miller*, was born in Wabash District, Ind., in 1841. He spent his early years in the mining camps of California and lived for some years among the Indians of Oregon. His first volume of poems was published in England and attracted much attention. He afterwards returned to this country and lived in Washington and California. Some of his books of verse are "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of the Sunlands," "Songs of Italy" and "Collected Poems."

John Howard Payne, an American dramatist and actor, was born in New York in 1792; died at Tunis, Africa, in 1852. He lived in Europe for nineteen years, devoting his time to the stage and to writing dramas. The song, "Home, Sweet Home," for which he is chiefly famous, occurs in the opera "Clari, the Maid of Milan." This song made the opera successful and its publishers rich, but Payne received no pecuniary benefit. In 1851 he was appointed United States Consul at Tunis, where he died. Thirty years after his death his remains were brought to Washington for reinterment.

Nora Perry, an American poet, was born at Dudley, Mass., in 1841; died in the same place in 1896. She began writing at the early age of eighteen and was a

frequent contributor to *St. Nicholas* and other magazines.

JOHN PIERPONT, an American clergyman and poet, was born at Litchfield, Conn., in 1785; died at Medford, Mass., in 1866. He was graduated from Yale in 1804. In 1816 he published "The Airs of Palestine." Most of his poems were written for special occasions.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ was born in 1822 at Chester, Pa., and died in 1872. He passed much of his time abroad and became a landscape painter of some merit. He wrote, besides many larger works, some really notable short poems. His "Sheridan's Ride" is among the most popular of our short poems and his lyrics are of a high order.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the greatest of English dramatists, was born at Stratford-on-Avon in 1564; died there in 1616. When twenty-three years of age Shakespeare left Stratford for London and soon became connected with the Metropolitan theatre as playwright. Shakespeare's dramas number thirty-seven; only about a dozen were printed during his lifetime. The entire plays were published in 1623, seven years after his death.

Although his dramas overshadow his other writings, Shakespeare holds a high place among the great English poets as a writer of sonnets and other poems. All of his work is of high order, but "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Cæsar," "As you Like It" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are perhaps best fitted for young people's reading.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN, an American poet, was born at Peekskill, N. Y., in 1860. He was educated at

Columbia College and is now connected with that institution. His verses are pleasing and graceful.

Susan Hartley Swett was born in Brewer, Maine, in 1867. She has published many poems in "Harper's," "St. Nicholas," "The Cosmopolitan" and "The Youth's Companion," and is the author of "Field Clover and Beach Grass," a collection of stories published in 1898.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, a celebrated English poet, was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, in 1809; died at Aldworth House, near Haslemere, Surrey, in 1892. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1850 he was appointed Poet Laureate of England through Prince Albert's admiration for "In Memoriam." He was buried near Chaucer, in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Some of his principal poems are "Maud," "Idylls of the King," "Enoch Arden," "The Princess," "Locksley Hall." Many of his poems are masterpieces of poetic genius and all of them are finished and artistic. This is especially true of his lyrics, such as the "Bugle Song" and the "Cradle Song."

William Makepeace Thackeray, a celebrated English novelist, was born in Calcutta, India, July 18, 1811, and died in London, Dec. 24, 1863. He was sent to England to be educated and spent some years in Trinity College, Cambridge, but never graduated. He studied art in Rome and Paris and read law for a time. After the loss of his modest fortune he began to devote himself to literature. He gained a reputation as a satirist, essayist and writer of verse, and in all of his writings he made clever hits at the fashionable follies and foibles of the time. For many years he wrote for *Punch* and in

1847 published "Vanity Fair," the first of his five great novels. This novel immediately brought him fame and placed him in the first rank as a novelist. He regarded "Henry Esmond" as his best work, but many people prefer "The Newcomes." "The Virginians" deals with colonial life in America and gives an excellent picture of Washington and Wolfe.

Daniel Webster, the greatest of American orators, was born at Salisbury, N. H., Jan. 18, 1782, and died at Marshfield, Mass., Oct. 24, 1852. He was educated at Dartmouth College, was principal of a New England academy and studied law. After his admission to the bar he moved to Boston where he soon became a leader in his profession. He was naturally attracted to a public life and for many years represented the State of Massachusetts in the United States Senate. He was a man of striking personal appearance and a profound student of constitutional government. His orations in defense of the Union are among the finest in history.

Walt Whitman, an American poet, was born at West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819; died at Camden, N. J., March 26, 1892. He was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn and New York. "Leaves of Grass," published in 1855, was his first noteworthy work. He wrote poems for periodicals, some of which have been collected into volumes. Among these are "Drum Taps," "Specimen Days and Collect" and "Good-bye, My Fancy." His most beautiful poem is "O Captain! My Captain!" written after the assassination of Lincoln.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born in the town of Haverhill, Mass., on Dec. 17, 1807, and died in 1892. He is known as the "Quaker poet" and also as the "poet

of freedom." Poverty stood in the way of an education, but by wide and well-chosen reading he complemented his rather meagre schooling. That he was never robust in health was probably due to the hard work and exposure of his boyhood on his father's farm, but his spirit was strong.

He allied himself with the cause of freedom and wrote many anti-slavery poems. "Voices of Freedom" appeared in 1849. Another collection, "House Ballads," includes "Maud Muller," "Barefoot Boy," "Angels of Buena Vista," "Skipper Ireson's Ride." "Barbara Frietchie" appeared in the collection entitled "In War Time" and is one of his best known poems.

Whittier's greatest fame is as a writer of stories in verse, and as a writer of lyrics, some of which are among the most beautiful in our language. "Snow Bound" is a vivid portrayal of New England life.

Charles Wolfe, an English clergyman and poet, was born at Dublin, Ireland, in 1791, and died at Cork, Ireland, in 1823. His best known poem is "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

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BOOK THREE

SEVENTH YEAR

SELECTIONS FOR MEMORIZING

A SONG OF LOVE

Say, what is the spell, when her fledglings are cheeping,
That lures the bird home to her nest?
Or wakes the tired mother, whose infant is weeping,
To cuddle and croon it to rest?
What the magic that charms the glad babe in her arms,
Till it cooes with the voice of the dove?
'Tis a secret, and so let us whisper it low —
And the name of the secret is Love.
For I think it is Love,
For I feel it is Love,
For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!

Say, whence is the voice that when anger is burning,
Bids the whirl of the tempest to cease?
That stirs the vexed soul with an aching — a yearning
For the brotherly hand-grip of peace?
Whence the music that fills all our being — that thrills
Around us, beneath, and above?
'Tis a secret: none knows how it comes, or it goes —
But the name of the secret is Love.
For I think it is Love,
For I feel it is Love,
For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!

Say, whose is the skill that paints valley and hill,
  Like a picture so fair to the sight?
That flecks the green meadow with sunshine and shadow,
  Till the little lambs leap with delight?
'Tis a secret untold to hearts cruel and cold,
  Though 'tis sung by the angels above,
In notes that ring clear for the ears that can hear —
  And the name of the secret is Love.
    For I think it is Love,
    For I feel it is Love,
  For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!

LEWIS CARROLL.

By permission of the Macmillan Company.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
    Sails the unshadowed main, —
    The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
    And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
    Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
    And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
    Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
    That spread his lustrous coil;

Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea.
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER[1]

OH, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming —
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?

[1] Also designated for Collateral Reading in connection with Eighth Year History.

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge should save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and war's desolation.
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust:"
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

SCYTHE SONG

Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over-word that the Scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush — 'tis the lullaby Time is singing —
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

Andrew Lang.

Reprinted, by permission of Longmans, Green & Co., from "Grass of Parnassus," by Andrew Lang.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SPRING

From "Kavanagh."

AH, how wonderful is the advent of the spring! — the great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches! — the gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers, trees, — gentle, and yet irrepressible, — which no force can stay, no violence restrain, like love, that wins its way and cannot be withstood by any human power. If spring came but once a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation would there be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change!

But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men, only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be. We are like children who are astonished and delighted only by the second-hand of the clock, not by the hour-hand.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SUMMER

From "Kavanagh."

IN the fields and woods, meanwhile, there were other signs and signals of the summer. The darkening foliage;

the embrowning grain; the golden dragon-fly haunting the blackberry-bushes; the cawing crows, that looked down from the mountain on the cornfield, and waited day after day for the scarecrow to finish his work and depart; and the smoke of far-off burning woods, that pervaded the air and hung in purple haze about the summits of the mountains, — these were the vaunt-couriers and attendants of the hot August.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

AUTUMN

From "Kavanagh."

THE brown autumn came. Out of doors, it brought to the fields the prodigality of the golden harvest, — to the forest, revelations of light, — and to the sky, the sharp air, the morning mist, the red clouds at evening. Within doors, the sense of seclusion, the stillness of closed and curtained windows, musings by the fireside, books, friends' conversation, and the long, meditative evenings. To the farmer, it brought surcease of toil, — to the scholar that sweet delirium of the brain which changes toil to pleasure. It brought the wild duck back to the reedy marshes of the south; it brought the wild song back to the fervid brain of the poet. Without, the village street was paved with gold; the river ran red with the reflection of the leaves. Within, the faces of friends brightened the gloomy walls; the returning footsteps of the long-absent gladdened the household; and all the sweet amenities of social life again resumed their interrupted reign.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WINTER

From "Kavanagh."

The first snow came. How beautiful it was, falling so silently, all day long, all night long, on the mountains, on the meadows, on the roofs of the living, on the graves of the dead! All white save the river, that marked its course by a winding black line across the landscape; and the leafless trees, that against the leaden sky now revealed more fully the wonderful beauty and intricacy of their branches!

What silence, too, came with the snow, and what seclusion! Every sound was muffled, every noise changed to something soft and musical. No more trampling of hoofs, — no more rattling wheels! Only the chiming sleighbells, beating as swift and merrily as the hearts of children.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE

There lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to cover;
A year and more, with rush and roar,
The surf had rolled it over,
Had played with it, and flung it by,
As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it;
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it;

And there the fisher-girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor estray
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And, having mused upon it,
"Why, here," cried he, "the thing of things
In shape, material, and dimension!
Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention!"

So said, so done; the chords he strained,
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disdained a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.
O empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs should waken!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

COLUMBUS[1]

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.

[1] This poem is also designated for Collateral Reading in connection with Seventh Year History.

The London *Athenæum* thus characterized this poem: "In point of power, workmanship and feeling, among all the poems written by Americans, we are inclined to give first place to the 'Port of Ships' (or 'Columbus') by Joaquin Miller."

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why you shall say, at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say" —
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lips, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! A light! A light! A light!

It grew — a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world! he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

From "The Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller," by permission of the Whitaker & Ray Company.

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY

"OLD GLORY! say, who
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the Gray and the Blue —
Who gave you, old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere,
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air,
And leap out full length, as we're wanting you to? —
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead —
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!
Who gave you the name of Old Glory — say, who —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?"

The old banner lifted and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

"Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were, —
For your name — just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear; —

And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,
And an aching to live for you always — or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?"

Then the old banner leaped like a sail in the blast
And fluttered an audible answer at last.

And it spake with a shake of the voice, and it said:
"By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars and their heaven of stars overhead —
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple or flap at the mast,
Or drop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod, —
My name is as old as the Glory of God.
So I came by the name of Old Glory."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From "Home-Folks;" copyright, 1900; by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A SONG OF CLOVER

I WONDER what the Clover thinks, —
Intimate friend of Bob-o'-links,
Lover of Daisies slim and white,
Waltzer with Buttercups at night;
Keeper of Inn for traveling Bees,
Serving to them wine-dregs and lees,
Left by the Royal Humming Birds,
Who sip and pay with fine-spun words;

Fellow with all the lowliest,
Peer of the gayest and the best;
Comrade of winds, beloved of sun,
Kissed by the Dew-drops, one by one;
Prophet of Good-Luck mystery
By sign of four which few may see;
Symbol of Nature's magic zone,
One out of three, and three in one;
Emblem of comfort in the speech
Which poor men's babies early reach;
Sweet by the roadsides, sweet by rills,
Sweet in the meadows, sweet on hills,
Sweet in its white, sweet in its red, —
Oh, half its sweetness cannot be said; —
Sweet in its every living breath,
Sweetest, perhaps, at last, in death!
Oh! who knows what the Clover thinks?
No one! unless the Bob-o'-links!

"SAXE HOLM."

FAREWELL! A LONG FAREWELL TO ALL MY GREATNESS!

From "Henry VIII."

FAREWELL! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,

But far beyond my depth. My high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

JOG ON, JOG ON

From "The Winter's Tale."

JOG on, jog on the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a,
Your merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Your paltry money-bags of gold —
What need have we to stare for,
When little or nothing soon is told,
And we have less to care for.

Then cast away care, let worry cease,
A fig for melancholy;
Let's laugh and sing, or, if you please,
We'll frolic with sweet Dolly.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A VISIT FROM THE SEA

FAR from the loud sea beaches
  Where he goes fishing and crying,
Here in the inland garden
  Why is the sea-gull flying?

Here are no fish to dive for;
  Here is the corn and lea;
Here are the green trees rustling.
  Hie away home to sea!

Fresh is the river water
  And quiet among the rushes;
This is no home for the sea-gull,
  But for the rooks and thrushes.

Pity the bird that has wandered!
  Pity the sailor ashore!
Hurry him home to the ocean,
  Let him come here no more!

High on the sea-cliff ledges
  The white gulls are trooping and crying;
Here among rooks and roses,
  Why is the sea-gull flying?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SIR GALAHAD

MY good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.

The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter's spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
  On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
  To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
  My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
  Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
  Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
  A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
  A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
  I hear a noise of hymns;
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
  I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
  The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
  The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
  And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres,
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail!
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden Knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces cloth'd in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt me in my dreams;

And stricken by an angel's hand,
  This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
  Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
  And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
  Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
  Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
  Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
  By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
  Until I find the holy Grail.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

FOR APPRECIATIVE READING

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

The town of Hamelin was infested with rats in the year 1284. The people had no peace at home or abroad. Finally there appeared a strange-looking man, tall and thin, dressed in a parti-colored suit. He said he was a rat-catcher and offered to free the place of rats for a certain sum of money. His terms were accepted; and he played on his pipe a shrill tune that brought all the rats out of the town, and down to the river where they were drowned. When they were gone the people refused to keep their part of the bargain by paying the Piper.

Then he took his pipe and played such a sweet tune that all the children in the town ran to him. He led them, with his weird piping, up to a hill beyond the town: the hill opened and let them all in, and their parents never saw them again. One child, a little lame boy, was left behind and he told of the wonderful pictures that came to the children as the Piper played for them.

The street through which the Piper led the children, who were deaf to the cries and commands of their distracted parents, is called the *Bungen-Strasse* because no drum (*Bunge*) may be played in it. Not long ago two moss-grown crosses marked the spot where the children are supposed to have vanished.

Browning put this legend into verse to amuse a sick child, Willy Macready, the son of the actor by that name.

1

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,[1]
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

[1] Brunswick. A division of Prussia or Germany.

2

Rats![1]
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

3

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;[3]
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine[4]
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robes ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

[1] Rats. The whole trouble is explosively and emphatically voiced in a single strong, brief word.

[2] Notice the alliteration between consonants in *killed, cats, bit, babies,* etc. This device, together with the vowel melody, makes the stanza particularly musical.

[3] Noddy. A simpleton.

[4] Ermine. A costly white fur that has long been associated with kings and high officers.

4

An hour they sate in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder [1] I'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

5

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,

[1] Guilder. A Dutch coin worth forty or fifty cents.

But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

6

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied [1] Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,[2]
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam

[1] Pied. Of different colors, motley. Compare with *piebald*, spotted like a pie.
[2] Cham. The ruler of Tartary.

Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:[1]
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

7[2]

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew into a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,

[1] Vampire-bats. Blood-sucking bats of large size.
[2] Notice the musical verse again.

Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks:
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery![1]
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,[2]
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,[3]
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

8

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rock'd the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!

[1] Drysaltery. A storehouse of dry salted meats, etc.
[2] Nuncheon. Noon or midday meal.
[3] Sugar-puncheon. A large sugar cask.

Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

9

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;[1]
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.[2]
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty."

10

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat,[3] and accept the prime

[1] Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock. Varieties of wines.
[2] Rhenish. Rhine wines, as enumerated above.
[3] Bagdat. A province of Asiatic Turkey.

Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's[1] kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

11

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald[2]
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

12[3]

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

[1] Caliph. The title of the Moslem ruler.
[2] Ribald. A low, disreputable person.
[3] Again the verse changes to the more musical meter.

And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

13

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
— Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross the mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!

I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings:
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

14

Alas, alas! for Hamelin! —
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye [1] takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.

[1] Needle's eye. See Matthew xix: 24. There was in Jerusalem a small city gate, called by this name, for foot passengers only.

But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
  On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
  To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
  They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned [1]
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

[1] Trepanned. Coaxed, enticed.

15

So, Willy,[1] let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free fróm rats or fróm mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

ROBERT BROWNING.

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS

Description of the first appearance of the Piper.

Description of the scene where the rats are following the Piper.

Description of the scene where the Piper demands his pay.

Description of the scene where the children follow the Piper.

Description of contrasting pictures. (See stanzas 4–5, 7, 13.)

Traits of character shown by the Mayor, as representative of the Council.

Characterization of the Piper.

Changes in the meter to correspond with changes in sentiment or subject matter.

It is suggested that the teacher read or tell to the class the play entitled "The Piper" by Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Marks).

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

THE "good news" carried by the valiant messengers is supposed to be news of the treaty of Ghent. This treaty was made in 1576, between Holland, Zealand and the Southern Netherlands, against the Spanish tyrant, Philip II. The distance in a straight line from Ghent to Aix is about sixty miles, but it would be considerably greater by the route given in the poem. According to Browning's own statement, there is no historical foundation for the incident narrated in the poem.

[1] Willy. The child for whom the poem was written.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern,[1] the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.
Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle, and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique [2] right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half-chime,[3]
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!

[1] Postern. A small gate (in the wall).
[2] Pique. The point.
[3] Half chime. Chimes striking the half-hour.

And the thick, heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan [1]
Rolled neck and croup [2] over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster [3] let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

[1] Roan. A horse of a bay or chestnut color with white hairs thickly interspersed.

[2] Neck and croup. Indicates that the horse had fallen flat on the ground, as contrasted with the sinking to her haunches of the other horse.

[3] Holster. A pistol case, attached to the pommel of the saddle, one on each side.

And all I remember is — friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses [1] voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS.

Description of imaginative scenes, such as that suggested by

"Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast."

Traits of character shown by Roland's master.
How the meter imitates the galloping of a horse.
Other stories about horses taken from your own experience.

HERVÉ RIEL

BROWNING wrote this poem to provide money for the aid of the people of Paris after the Franco-German War. He received one hundred pounds, or about five hundred dollars, for it. The story is true to fact, except that the real Hervé Riel asked for a holiday for the remainder of his life instead of for one day.

1

ON the sea and at the Hogue,[2] sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue

[1] Burgesses. Citizens of a borough or town.
[2] La Hogue. On the northeast coast of Normandy. The battle referred to was fought May 19, 1692, between the French fleet on the one side and the combined fleets of the English and the Dutch on the other. This battle, in which the French were defeated, made the northern nations the rulers of the seas.

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo[1] on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

2

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

3

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the 'Formidable' here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.

[1] St. Malo. A town on the river Rance.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

4

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?[1]
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

5

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
— A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate — first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!

[1] Plymouth Sound. Between Devonshire and Cornwall, southwestern part of England.

But a simple Breton [1] sailor pressed [2] by Tourville [3] for the fleet,
A poor coasting pilot, he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.[4]

6

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cried Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? [5] Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me, who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues? [6]
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.[7]
Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, then know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this 'Formidable' clear,
Make the others follow mine.

[1] Breton. Inhabitant of Brittany.
[2] Pressed. Impressed or drafted.
[3] Tourville. Admiral of the French Navy.
[4] Croisickese. A native of Le Croisic, a village of Brittany.
[5] Malouins. Inhabitants of St. Malo.
[6] Disembogues. Empties.
[7] Solidor. A safe, fortified harbor on the mainland.

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
— Keel so much as grate the ground
Why, I've nothing but my life, — here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

7

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace!"
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they fol'ow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as fate,
Up the English come — too late!

8

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.

Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath the rampired[1] Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

9

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find that speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

[1] Rampired. Fortified.

10

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run? —
Since 'tis ask and have, I may —
Since the others go ashore —
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!" [1]
That he asked and that he got, — nothing more.

11

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.[2]
Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre,[3] face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

[1] Belle Aurore. Literally, "beautiful dawn."
[2] Bore the bell. Won the prize.
[3] Louvre. The art gallery of Paris, wherein hang the pictures of famous heroes.

So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

ROBERT BROWNING.

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS

Description of the opening scene or setting. (See stanzas 1–2.)
Description of the scene when Hervé Riel steps forward.
Description of Hervé Riel. (See stanzas 5, 7, 10.)
Traits of character displayed by Hervé Riel.
Hervé Riel's reward compared with other rewards about which you have known.

IVRY

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS

THE battle of Ivry was fought on March 14, 1590. It was between the Catholic League under the leadership of the Duke of Mayenne and the Huguenots under Henry, King of Navarre, the rightful claimant of the throne of France. The poem is a song of victory in commemoration of the battle. The hero was later crowned as Henry IV.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle,[1] our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.

[1] Rochelle. A town on the bay of Biscay. It was the chief stronghold of the Huguenots.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry,[1] and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel-peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine,[2] the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's [3] hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume [4] upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;

[1] Ivry. A village forty-two miles west of Paris. A memorial pyramid marks the battlefield.

[2] Lorraine. The family name of the Dukes of Guise was Lorraine. The Lorraines were leaders of the Catholics.

[3] Coligni. A noted Huguenot general, at one time Prime Minister of France. He was the first victim of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which thousands of Huguenots perished.

[4] Snow-white plume. The Protestants from 1562 on wore white as their emblem. White later became the royal color.

He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme [1] to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke [2] is pricking fast across St. André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders [3] and Almayne.[4]
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,[5] — upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein.

[1] Oriflamme. Literally a flame of gold; it means a bright battle standard. The white plume could readily be seen by Henry's followers.
[2] Fiery Duke. The Duke of Mayenne.
[3] Guelders. A Netherland province.
[4] Almayne. Also Allemagne. The French name for Germany.
[5] Golden lilies. The royal flag was blue with golden lilies.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" [1] was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny [2] hath ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his Church such woe.

[1] St. Bartholomew. A massacre of French Protestants on St. Bartholomew's Day, August 23–24, 1572. The Duke of Guise had been one of the leaders in this massacre.

[2] Lord of Rosny. Maximilian, Lord of Rosny, became the leader of the liberal party in France.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest
point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of
Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna;[1] ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
return.
Ho! Philip,[2] send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,[3]
That Antwerp[4] monks may sing a mass for thy poor
spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms
be bright;
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward
to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath
raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the
brave;
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS

Description of Henry of Navarre.
Description of the scene at the moment when

"A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest."

[1] Vienna. Don John of Austria, brother of Philip II, was a member of the Catholic League.
[2] Philip. Philip II of Spain, one of the leaders of the League.
[3] Mexican pistoles. Coins gained from the Spanish conquest of Mexico.
[4] Antwerp. Philip also had control of the Netherlands.

Description of the scene after the battle is over.

Impressions of Henry of Navarre's character, gained from the poem.

A comparison of the swing and speed of the verse with the meter of "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix."

Note that in this poem the meter is alike all the way through to fit the sameness of the theme and feeling; then compare this meter with the irregularity of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

MEMORY GEMS

"Honor thy father and thy mother" stands written among the three laws of most revered righteousness.

Æschylus.

Keep the golden mean between saying too much and too little.

Syrus.

Man is not the creature of circumstances: circumstances are the creatures of man.

Disraeli.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

Emerson.

Be noble! And the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

Lowell.

'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do.

Browning.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.

Bryant.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

SHAKESPEARE.

THOSE friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

SHAKESPEARE.

OH, many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

SCOTT.

FOR of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

WHITTIER.

SOME books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested.

BACON.

TRUTH is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

MILTON.

'TIS education forms the common mind!
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

POPE.

PROCRASTINATION is the thief of time.

YOUNG.

LABOR to keep alive in your breast the little spark of celestial fire, Conscience.

WASHINGTON.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control —
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

Tennyson.

Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two; and then comes night.
Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime;
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

Lowell.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the lofty skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

Holland.

Books are the legacies that genius leaves to mankind.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

Bourdillon.

But dost thou love life? Then do not waste time, for that's the stuff life is made of.

Franklin.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight.
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night.

Longfellow.

POCAHONTAS

Wearied arm and broken sword
  Wage in vain the desperate fight;
Round him press a countless horde,
  He is but a single knight.
Hark! a cry of triumph shrill
  Through the wilderness resounds,
  As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the funeral pyre,
  And the torch of death they light;
Ah! 'tis hard to die by fire!
  Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
  Wheel and dance the savage crowd;
  Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
  Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng with sudden start
  See, there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight:
  "Loose the chain, unbind the ring!
  I am the daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
  Lifted axe and thirsty knife,
Fondly to his heart she clings,
  And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhattan,
  Still 'tis told by Indian fires
  How a daughter of their sires
Saved a captive Englishman.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;

A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;

For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flames with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,

Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,

Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

CONCORD HYMN

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE BATTLE MONUMENT, APRIL 19, 1836

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;

That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it, — ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it! — From the vale
On they come! — And will ye quail? —
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may, — and die we must;

But, oh, where can dust to dust
  Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
  Of his deeds to tell!

JOHN PIERPONT.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
  Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
  When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
  Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
  As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
  Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
  Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
  That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
  A strange and sudden fear;
When waking to their tents on fire
  They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
  Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
  A mighty host behind,

And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly,
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads —
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp —
A moment — and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.

And lovely ladies greet our band,
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Joaquin Miller's "Columbus" is also included among the History Poems designated for Collateral Reading in the Seventh Year. *See "Selections for Memorizing," Seventh Year, page 11.*

EIGHTH YEAR

SELECTIONS FOR MEMORIZING

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel:
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

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RECESSIONAL

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line —
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —
The Captains and the Kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away —
On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated

here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ON BOOKS

THE conviction deepens in me that the best possible education which any man can acquire is an intimate acquaintance with these few great minds who have escaped the wrecks of time and have become, with the lapse of years, a kind of impersonal wisdom, summing up the common experiences of the race and distilling it drop by drop into the perfect forms of art.

The man who knows his Homer thoroughly knows more about the Greeks than he who has familiarized himself with all the work of the archæologists and the philologists and mythologists of the Homeric age.

The man who has mastered Dante has penetrated the secret of mediævalism; the man who counts Shakespeare as his friend can afford to leave most of the books about Elizabethan England unread.

To really know Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe is to know the best the world has thought and said and done, is to enter into that inheritance of experience and knowledge which is the truest and, at bottom, the only education.

Most of us know too many writers, and waste our strength in a vain endeavor to establish relations of intimacy with a multitude of men, great and small, who profess to have some claim upon us.

It is both pleasant and wise to have a large acquaintance, to know life broadly, and at its best, but our intimate friends can never, in the nature of things, be many.

We may know a host of interesting people, but we can really live with but a few. And it is these few and faithful ones, whose names I see in the dying light of the old year and the first, faint gleam of the new.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

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ON BOOKS

THE same book may be read in entirely different ways and with entirely different results. One may, for instance, read Shakespeare's historical plays simply for the story element which runs through them, and for the interest which the skillful use of that element excites; and in such a reading there will be distinct gain for the reader. This is the way in which a healthy boy generally reads these plays for the first time. From such a reading one will get information and refreshment; more than one English statesman has confessed that he owed his knowledge of certain periods of English history largely to Shakespeare. On the other hand, one may read these plays for the joy of the art that is in them, and for the enrichment which comes from contact with the deep and tumultuous life which throbs through

them; and this is the kind of reading which produces culture, the reading which means enlargement and ripening.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

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REATHES THERE A MAN WITH SOUL SO DEAD

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concenter'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A MORNING SONG

From "Cymbeline"

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AT MORNING

THE day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SONG OF THE CAMP

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;

Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon, —
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, —
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak;
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;

And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your trust and valor wearing!
The bravest are the tenderest, —
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

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BUGLE SONG

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes — dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes — dying, dying, dying.

O love! they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer — dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE ANGLER'S REVEILLE

WHAT time the rose of dawn is laid across the lips of night,
And all the drowsy little stars have fallen asleep in light;
'Tis then a wandering wind awakes, and runs from tree to tree,
And borrows words from all the birds to sound the reveille.
This is the carol the Robin throws
Over the edge of the valley;
Listen how boldly it flows,
Sally on sally:

Tirra-lirra,
Down the river,
Laughing water
All a-quiver.
Day is near,
Clear, clear.
Fish are breaking,
Time for waking,
Tup, tup, tup!
Do you hear?
All clear —
Wake up!

The phantom flood of dreams has ebbed and vanished with the dark,
And like a dove the heart forsakes the prison of the ark;
Now forth she fares through friendly woods and diamond-fields of dew,
While every voice cries out "Rejoice!" as if the world were new.
This is the ballad the Bluebird sings,
Unto his mate replying,
Shaking the tune from his wings
While he is flying:

Surely, surely, surely,
Life is dear
Even here.
Blue above,
You to love,
Purely, purely, purely.

There's a wild azalea on the hill, and roses down the dell,
And just one spray of lilac still abloom beside the well;
The columbine adorns the rocks, the laurel buds grow pink,
Along the stream white arums gleam, and violets bend to drink.

This is the song of the Yellowthroat,
Fluttering gaily beside you;
Hear how each voluble note
Offers to guide you:

Which way, sir?
I say, sir,
Let me teach you,
I beseech you!
Are you wishing
Jolly fishing?
This way, sir!
I'll teach you.

Then come, my friend, forget your foes, and leave your fears behind,
And wander forth to try your luck, with cheerful quiet mind;
For be your fortune great or small, you'll take what God may give,
And all the day your heart shall say, "'Tis luck enough to live."

This is the song the Brown Thrush flings,
Out of his thicket of roses;
Hark how it warbles and rings,
Mark how it closes:

Luck, luck,
What luck?
Good enough for me!
I'm alive, you see.
Sun shining,
No repining;
Never borrow
Idle sorrow;
Drop it!
Cover it up!
Hold your cup!
Joy will fill it,
Don't spill it,
Steady, be ready,
Good luck!

HENRY VAN DYKE.

From "Music and other Poems;" copyright, 1894, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.

But O heart! heart! heart!
Oh, the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up! — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

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FOR APPRECIATIVE READING

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

In Longfellow's own words the poem was suggested "while riding on the seashore at Newport. A year or two previous, a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors."

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
  Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
  Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies,
  Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
  From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking [1] old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald [2] in song has told,

[1] Viking. A Norse sea rover.
[2] Skald. A poet or singer.

No Saga [1] taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon; [2]
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's [3] bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's [4] crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,

[1] Saga. A legend or tradition of the Norsemen.
[2] Gerfalcon. A type of falcon larger and more powerful than the ordinary bird.
[3] Were-wolf. A fabulous human being who could at will change himself into the form of a wolf.
[4] Corsair. A wandering adventurer of the sea.

Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout [1]
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's [2] tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning, yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,

[1] Wassail-bout. A drinking bout.
[2] Berserk. Literally, a bear; in Norse folklore, one of a class of wild warriors of the heathen age. They were supposed to be able to assume animal shapes, particularly that of the bear.

Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand [1]
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn [2]
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

[1] Hildebrand. A mythical Prince of Norway.
[2] Drinking-horn. Drinking receptacles were often made of the horns of cattle.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,[1]
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,[2]
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden;
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,

[1] Skaw. A promontory, a headland.
[2] Cormorant. A large sea bird found in the north.

Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years:
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower [1] she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen! [2]
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In that vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! [3] to the Northland! *skoal!*"
Thus the tale ended.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

[1] Tower. Refers to the Round Tower at Newport.
[2] Fen. A low marshy place.
[3] Skoal! Hail! Salutation or toast by crying "skoal."

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS

Imaginative description of the Viking.
Characterization of the Viking.
Instances to show that the Viking was " wild."
The boyhood of the Viking.
Characterization of " the blue-eyed maid."
Information about ancient Norse life to be found in the poem.

HORATIUS

This ballad is based upon the legendary history of Rome as recorded by Livy and other Roman historians. The action of the story takes place about the year 509 B.C. The rule of Tarquin, the King of Rome, became so tyrannical that he was banished from the city. The citizens then established a republic governed by two men called Consuls who were chosen annually. Tarquin attempted to regain the throne and in his efforts was aided by Porsena the King of Etruria. In the struggle between the Romans and the allied forces Horatius is supposed to have made the courageous defence of a bridge over the river Tiber that is here described.

1

Lars Porsena [1] of Clusium
By the Nine Gods [2] he swore,
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.

[1] Lars Porsena. King or chief of Clusium, a town in Etruria. Etruria, corresponding to the modern Tuscany, was the seat of the most ancient civilization of Italy. In territory it extended along the Mediterranean and was separated from Umbria, the Sabine territory, and from Latium by the Tiber. It contained a confederation of twelve cities, remains of which are occasionally to be found. The Etruscans were powerful in naval affairs. Remains of their architecture and art still exist.

[2] Nine Gods. Juno, Minerva, Tinia, Vulcan, Mars, Saturn, Hercules, Lummanus, Vedius. — Brewer.

[3] Great house of Tarquin. Rome had seven legendary kings, of whom the fifth and the seventh were Tarquins, an exceedingly tyrannical family. The Tarquins were of Etruscan origin.

By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

2

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome!

3

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain [1]
From many a stately market place,
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beach and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine.[2]

4

From lordly Volaterræ,[3]
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;

[1] Amain. In great haste.
[2] Apennine. The mountain range that extends through central Italy.
[3] Volaterræ. One of the Etruscan cities. It was built on a hill.

From seagirt Populonia,[1]
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky;

5

From the proud mart of Pisæ,[2]
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's[3] triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis[4] wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona[1] lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

6

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's[4] rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian[1] hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus[5]
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.[6]

7

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill;

[1] Populonia, Cortona, Ciminian. Ancient Etruscan cities.
[2] Pisæ. An Etruscan town.
[3] Massilia. The modern city is called Marseilles.
[4] Clanis, Auser. Etruscan rivers.
[5] Clitumnus. A stream flowing into the river Tiber.
[6] Volsinian mere. Now Lake Bolsena.

No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the waterfowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

8

The harvests of Arretium,[1]
This year, old men shall reap,
This year, young boys in Umbro [2]
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna [3]
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

9

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right [4] on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

10

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:

[1] Arretium. An Etruscan city.
[2] Umbro. An Etruscan river, now the Ombrone.
[3] Luna. An Etruscan town noted for its wines.
[4] Traced from the right. The Etruscans began at the right and wrote toward the left.

"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven:
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's [1] altars
The golden shields of Rome."

11

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale [2] of men:
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium [3]
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

12

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,[4]
Prince of the Latian name.

13

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:

[1] Nurscia. A town of the Sabines, one of the Italian tribes.
[2] Tale. Count or number. Compare with our word *tally*.
[3] Sutrium. An Etruscan town.
[4] Mamilius. A son-in-law of Tarquin the Proud (Tarquinius Superbus), the last of the Roman kings.

From all the spacious champaign [1]
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

14

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburnt husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

15

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

16

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,[2]
Could the wan burghers spy

[1] Champaign. Country.

[2] The rock Tarpeian. Tarpeia, a Roman governor's daughter, tempted by the golden ornaments of the invading Sabines, had agreed to open the gate of the fortress for them. When they had entered, they cast their shields on her, crushing her to death. From this legend the Tarpeian rock, a part of the Capitoline hill, was named.

The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

17

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house nor fence nor dovecote
In Crustumerium [1] stands.
Verbenna [2] down to Ostia [1]
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur [3] hath stormed Janiculum, [4]
And the stout guards are slain.

18

Iwis,[5] in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,[6]
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns
And hied them to the wall.

[1] Crustumerium, Ostia. In ancient geography, cities in the vicinity of Rome.
[2] Verbenna. An Etruscan chief. See stanza 23.
[3] Astur. See stanza 42.
[4] Janiculum. A hill on the right bank of the Tiber, directly across the river from the city, wherein the Romans had taken refuge.
[5] Iwis. Certainly.
[6] Consul. When the kings of Rome were driven out, the government was vested in two consuls chosen every year. See introduction.

19

They held a council standing
Before the River Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spoke the Consul roundly:
"The bridge[1] must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

20

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

21

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come,
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,

[1] The bridge. This bridge, known as the Sublician bridge, connected Janiculum with the city. The name was derived from the Latin *sublicae* meaning *props*.

The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

22

And plainly and more plainly
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities [1] shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

23

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest,[2] by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo.[3]
There Cilnius [4] of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur [4] of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius [4] with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna [4] from the hold [5]
By reedy Thrasymene.[6]

[1] Twelve fair cities. The twelve cities of Etruria. See note, stanza 1.

[2] Port and vest. Bearing and dress. Compare with *deportment*, *vestment* or *vesture*.

[3] Lucumo. A general title given to the Etruscan chiefs. Some of the individual chiefs are named below.

[4] Cilnius, Astur, Tolumnius, Verbenna. Etruscan chiefs.

[5] Hold. His fortress.

[6] Thrasymene. An Etruscan lake, now called Perugia. Here, some centuries later, the Romans were defeated by the Carthaginians under Hannibal. Another form of the ancient name was Trasimenus.

24

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,[1]
That wrought the deed of shame.

25

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

26

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

[1] Sextus. A member of the Tarquin family. His wicked insult to Lucretia, the wife of a kinsman, had led to the banishment of the Tarquins from Rome.

27

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods,

28

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens [1]
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame?

29

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

[1] The holy maidens. Young women known as Vestal Virgins kept the sacred fire of Vesta eternally burning in the temple of the Goddess, which stood in the Roman Forum.

30

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian [1] proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian [1] blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

31

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

32

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

[1] Ramnian, Titian. The three original tribes of Rome were Ramnes, Tities and Luceres. Horatius was a member of the tribe of the Luceres.

33

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes [1] beard the high,
And the Fathers [2] grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

34

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness [3] on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe:
And Fathers mixed with Commons [4]
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

35

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,

[1] Tribunes. Officers representing the common people.
[2] Fathers. The patricians or noble class.
[3] Harness. Armor.
[4] Commons. The common people.

And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

36

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

37

Aunus [1] from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius,[1] whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines; [2]
And Picus,[1] long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.[3]

38

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:

[1] Aunus Seius, Picus. Etruscan chiefs.
[2] Ilva. The modern name is Elba. This is the island to which Napoleon was banished. It is famed for its iron mines.
[3] Nar. A river noted for its white color.

At Picus brave Horatius
  Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
  Clashed in the bloody dust.

39

Then Ocnus [1] of Falerii
  Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus [1] of Urgo,
  The rover of the sea;
And Aruns [1] of Volsinium,
  Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields and slaughtered men,
  Along Albinia's shore.

40

Herminius smote down Aruns:
  Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
  Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
  No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
  Thy thrice accursed sail."

41

But now no sound of laughter
  Was heard among the foes.

[1] Ocnus, Lausulus, Aruns. Etruscan chiefs.

A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

42

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

43

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he: "The she-wolf's litter [1]
Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

44

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,

[1] The she-wolf's litter. This refers to the story that the twin infants, Romulus and Remus, when deserted and left to die, were found and nursed by a she-wolf. Romulus and Remus were the fabled founders of Rome.

He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm,[1] but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

45

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing space;
Then like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

46

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at the deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs,[2] muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

47

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,

[1] Helm. Helmet.
[2] Augurs. The priests who foretold the future by means of signs.

And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo [1] comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

48

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

49

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

50

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:

[1] Lucumo. See note, stanza 23.

But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

51

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud,
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

52

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

53

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.

"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! Back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruins fall!"

54

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

55

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

56

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,

And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

57

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace?"

58

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus [1]
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

59

"Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

[1] Palatinus. One of the hills on which Rome was built.

60

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard on either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank:
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

61

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

62

Never, I ween,[1] did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

[1] Ween. Think, imagine.

63

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

64

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

65

They gave him of the corn-land,[1]
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day,
To witness if I lie.

[1] Corn-land. Certain of the lands were held in common by the State. From these public lands, a portion was given Horatius as an award.

66

It stands in the Comitium,[1]
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

67

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno [2]
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

68

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north-winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus [3]
Roar louder yet within;

[1] Comitium. A meeting place for those who made the laws. It was a part of the Forum.

[2] Juno. The principal Goddess in Roman mythology, the wife of Jupiter, the King of the Gods. She was regarded as the special protector of marriage and as the guardian of women.

[3] Algidus. A hill near Rome from which fire wood was obtained.

69

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

70

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom,
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS.

An account of the fight on the bridge.

Description of such pictures as are given in stanzas 20–24, 35–36, 46, 56, 60–61, 68–70.

Description of imaginative pictures, such as that suggested by the lines,

"He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing space."

Description of the personal appearance of Horatius, Astur, etc.

Traits of character shown by Horatius.

Characterization of Sextus and of Lars Porsena. (See stanza 63.)

Roman home life. (See stanzas 68, 70.)

RHŒCUS

This poem is founded upon a beautiful Greek myth. The youth, Rhœcus, while passing through the forest, noticed an oak just ready to fall. He stopped to save the tree, and was rewarded by a glimpse of the wood nymph inhabiting it. She told him that he had saved her life as well as that of the tree, and gratefully bade him ask what reward he desired. Rhœcus boldly sought her love, which she granted and told him to meet her an hour before sunset. She wanted him to be constant, and told him that a bee would be her messenger.

But Rhœcus, later in the day, met some friends, and in the excitement of a game of chance with them forgot his promise to the nymph. When the bee came, he at first angrily brushed it away, but at last, realizing that this was the messenger from the wood nymph, he hurried to the place of meeting. Here he was too late; the nymph was invisible. He heard only her voice chiding him for his lack of constancy and telling him of the great love he had lost.

According to the older tradition the nymph deprived Rhœcus of his physical sight, but Lowell gives us a different version in this poem.

God sends his teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race:
Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
Infolds some germs of goodness and of right;
Else never had the eager soul, which loathes
The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

There is an instinct in the human heart
Which makes that all the fables it hath coined,
To justify the reign of its belief
And strengthen it by beauty's right divine,

Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
Which, like the hazel twig, in faithful hands,
Points surely to the hidden springs of truth.
For, as in nature naught is made in vain,
But all things have within their hull of use
A wisdom and a meaning which may speak
Of spiritual secrets to the ear
Of spirit; so, in whatsoe'er the heart
Hath fashioned for a solace to itself,
To make its inspirations suit its creed,
And from the niggard [1] hands of falsehood wring
Its needful food of truth, there ever is
A sympathy with Nature, which reveals,
Not less than her own works, pure gleams of light
And earnest parables of inward lore.
Hear now this fairy legend of old Greece,
As full of gracious youth and beauty still
As the immortal freshness of that grace
Carved for all ages on some Attic frieze.[2]

A youth named Rhœcus, wandering in the wood,
Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall,
And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,
He propped its gray trunk with admiring care,
And with a thoughtless footstep loitered on.
But, as he turned, he heard a voice behind
That murmured "Rhœcus!" 'Twas as if the leaves,
Stirred by a passing breath, had murmured it,
And, while he paused bewildered, yet again
It murmured "Rhœcus!" softer than a breeze.
He started and beheld with dizzy eyes
What seemed the substance of a happy dream

[1] Niggard. Miserly, stingy.
[2] Frieze. A sculptured or richly ornamental band or strip in the wall of a building.

Stand there before him, spreading a warm glow
Within the green glooms of the shadowy oak.
It seemed a woman's shape, yet far too fair
To be a woman, and with eyes too meek
For any that were wont to mate with gods.
All naked like a goddess stood she there,
And like a goddess all too beautiful
To feel the guilt-born earthliness of shame.
"Rhœcus, I am the Dryad [1] of this tree,"
Thus she began, dropping her low-toned words
Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of dew,
"And with it I am doomed to live and die;
The rain and sunshine are my caterers,
Nor have I other bliss than simple life;
Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can give,
And with a thankful joy it shall be thine."

Then Rhœcus, with a flutter at the heart,
Yet, by the prompting of such beauty, bold,
Answered: "What is there that can satisfy
The endless craving of the soul but love?
Give me thy love, or but the hope of that
Which must be evermore my nature's goal."
After a little pause she said again,
But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone,
"I give it, Rhœcus, though a perilous gift;
An hour before the sunset meet me here."
And straightway there was nothing he could see
But the green glooms beneath the shadowy oak,
And not a sound came to his straining ears
But the low trickling rustle of the leaves,
And far away upon an emerald slope
The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

[1] Dryad. Literally, a tree inhabitant. A wood nymph.

Now, in those days of simpleness and faith,
Men did not think that happy things were dreams
Because they overstepped the narrow bourn
Of likelihood, but reverently deemed
Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
To be the guerdon [1] of a daring heart.
So Rhœcus made no doubt that he was blest,
And all along unto the city's gate
Earth seemed to spring beneath him as he walked,
The clear, broad sky looked bluer than its wont,
And he could scarce believe he had not wings,
Such sunshine seemed to glitter through his veins
Instead of blood, so light he felt and strange.

Young Rhœcus had a faithful heart enough,
But one that in the present dwelt too much,
And, taking with blithe welcome whatsoe'er
Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound in that,
Like the contented peasant of a vale,
Deemed it the world, and never looked beyond.
So, haply meeting in the afternoon
Some comrades who were playing at the dice,
He joined them, and forgot all else beside.

The dice were rattling at the merriest,
And Rhœcus, who had met but sorry luck,
Just laughed in triumph at a happy throw,
When through the room there hummed a yellow bee
That buzzed about his ear with down-dropped legs
As if to light. And Rhœcus laughed and said,
Feeling how red and flushed he was with loss,

[1] Guerdon. A reward.

"By Venus![1] does he take me for a rose?"
And brushed him off with rough, impatient hand.
But still the bee came back, and thrice again
Rhœcus did beat him off with growing wrath.
Then through the window flew the wounded bee,
And Rhœcus, tracking him with angry eyes,
Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly[2]
Against the red disk of the setting sun, —
And instantly the blood sank from his heart,
As if its very walls had caved away.
Without a word he turned, and, rushing forth,
Ran madly through the city and the gate,
And o'er the plain, which now the wood's long shade,
By the low sun thrown forward broad and dim,
Darkened wellnigh unto the city's wall.

Quite spent and out of breath he reached the tree,
And, listening fearfully, he heard once more
The low voice murmur "Rhœcus!" close at hand:
Whereat he looked around him, but could see
Naught but the deepening glooms beneath the oak.
Then sighed the voice, "O Rhœcus! nevermore
Shalt thou behold me or by day or night,
Me, who would fain have blessed thee with a love
More ripe and bounteous than ever yet
Filled up with nectar[3] any mortal heart:
But thou didst scorn my humble messenger,
And sent'st him back to me with bruisèd wings.
We spirits only show to gentle eyes,
We ever ask an undivided love,
And he who scorns the least of Nature's works

[1] Venus. The goddess of beauty.
[2] Thessaly. In ancient times the northeastern division of Greece.
[3] Nectar. The drink of the gods.

Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all.
Farewell! for thou canst never see me more."

Then Rhœcus beat his breast, and groaned aloud,
And cried, "Be pitiful! forgive me yet
This once, and I shall never need it more!"
"Alas!" the voice returned, "'tis thou art blind,
Not I unmerciful; I can forgive,
But have no skill to heal thy spirit's eyes;
Only the soul hath power o'er itself."
With that again there murmured "Nevermore!"
And Rhœcus after heard no other sound,
Except the rattling of the oak's crisp leaves,
Like the long surf upon a distant shore,
Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and down.
The night had gathered round him: o'er the plain
The city sparkled with its thousand lights,
And sounds of revel fell upon his ear
Harshly and like a curse; above, the sky,
With all its bright sublimity of stars,
Deepened, and on his forehead smote the breeze:
Beauty was all around him and delight,
But from that eve he was alone on earth.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS

Discussion of the value of the introduction, as comprised in the first two stanzas.

Imaginative description of the place where the dryad lived.

Characterization of Rhœcus.

Discussion of the lesson of the story:

"Only the soul hath power o'er itself."

UNDER THE OLD ELM

At Cambridge there stands an old elm, at whose base is fixed a stone bearing the following inscription: "Under this tree Washington first took command of the American Army, July 3rd, 1775."

On July 3rd, 1875, one hundred years later, the people of Cambridge held a celebration under this famous tree. For this occasion Lowell wrote the poem "Under the Old Elm" from which the section on Washington is here given.

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised [1] example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral [2] where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Never seduced [3] through show of present good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will:
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men's,—Washington.

James Russell Lowell.

TOPIC FOR COMPOSITION

Events in history that bear out this estimate of Washington.

[1] High-poised. Dignified and calm.

[2] Tramping the snow to coral. Many of the soldiers left footprints marked with blood wherever they trod.

[3] Seduced. Led astray.

UNDER THE WILLOWS

THE WILLOWS was a group of trees near Lowell's home at Elmwood. The poet loved these trees and the birds that made their nests in the branches. Many beautiful thoughts came to him as he watched, and finally he wove them into a poem on spring and named it "Under the Willows." This poem opens with the following stanzas:

FRANK-HEARTED hostess of the field and wood,
Gypsy, whose roof is every spreading tree,
June is the pearl of our New England year.
Still a surprisal, though expected long,
Her coming startles. Long she lies in wait,
Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly back,
Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,
With one great gush of blossom storms the world.
A week ago the sparrow was divine;
The bluebird, shifting his light load of song
From post to post along the cheerless fence,
Was as a rhymer ere the poet come;
But now, oh rapture! sunshine winged and voiced,
Pipe blown through by the warm wild breath of the West
Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy cloud,
Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one,
The bobolink has come, and, like the soul
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what
Save *June! Dear June! Now God be praised for June.*

May is a pious fraud of the almanac,
A ghastly parody of real Spring
Shaped out of snow and breathed with eastern wind;
Or if, o'er-confident, she trust the date,
And, with her handful of anemones,
Herself as shivery, steal into the sun,

The season need but turn his hour-glass round,
And winter suddenly, like crazy Lear,[1]
Reels back, and brings the dead May in his arms,
Her budding breasts and wan dislustred front
With frosty streaks and drifts of his white beard
All overblown. Then, warmly walled with books,
While my wood-fire supplies the sun's defect,
Whispering old forest-sagas [2] in its dreams,
I take my May down from the happy shelf
Where perch the world's rare song-birds in a row,
Waiting my choice to open with full breast,
And beg an alms of spring-time, ne'er denied
In-doors by vernal Chaucer,[3] whose fresh woods
Throb thick with merle [4] and mavis [5] all the year.

July breathes hot, sallows the crispy fields,
Curls up the wan leaves of the lilac-hedge,
And every eve cheats us with show of clouds
That braze [6] the horizon's western rim, or hang
Motionless, with heaped canvas drooping idly,
Like a dim fleet by starving men besieged,
Conjectured half, and half descried afar,
Helpless of wind, and seeming to slip back,
Adown the smooth curve of the oily sea.

[1] Crazy Lear. The hero of Shakespeare's tragedy "King Lear;" in the last act of the play the mad king enters with his dead daughter in his arms.

[2] Forest-sagas. Legends or myths of the woods.

[3] Vernal Chaucer. Chaucer was fond of nature. The *Prologue* to his "Canterbury Tales" opens with a description of spring.

Cf. Thomas Warton's estimate of Chaucer: "I consider Chaucer as a genial day in an English spring."

[4] Merle. Blackbird.

[5] Mavis. Song thrush.

[6] Braze. The clouds seem to braze or color like bronze the western sky.

But June is full of invitations sweet,
Forth from the chimney's yawn and thrice-read tomes
To leisurely delights and sauntering thoughts
That brook no ceiling narrower than the blue.
The cherry, drest for bridal, at my pane
Brushes, then listens, Will he come? The bee,
All dusty as a miller, takes his toll
Of powdery gold, and grumbles. What a day
To sun me and do nothing! Nay, I think
Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes
The student's wiser business; the brain
That forages all climes to line its cells,
Ranging both worlds on lightest wings of wish,
Will not distil the juices it has sucked
To the sweet substance of pellucid [1] thought,
Except for him who hath the secret learned
To mix his blood with sunshine, and to take
The winds into his pulses. Hush! 'tis he!
My oriole, my glance of summer fire,[2]
Is come at last, and, ever on the watch,
Twitches the pack-thread I had lightly wound
About the bough to help his housekeeping, —
Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing his luck,
Yet fearing me who laid it in his way,
Nor, more than wiser we in our affairs,
Divines the providence that hides and helps.
Heave, ho! Heave, oh! he whistles as the twine
Slackens its hold; *once more, now!* and a flash
Lightens across the sunlight to the elm
Where his mate dangles at her cup of felt.[3]

[1] Pellucid. Clear.

[2] My glance of summer fire. Refers to the flame-colored breast of the oriole.

[3] Cup of felt. The oriole builds a hanging nest of a gray, felt-like substance.

Nor all his booty is the thread; he trails
My loosened thought with it along the air,
And I must follow, would I ever find
The inward rhyme to all this wealth of life.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TOPIC FOR COMPOSITION

A comparison of Lowell's description of May, June and July with other descriptions of spring or summer.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

THIS is a true story of bravery and courage. The real hero, however, was a man instead of a boy. The storming of Ratisbon occurred in May, 1809, during Napoleon's campaign against Austria.

YOU know, we French stormed Ratisbon:[1]
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.[2]

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes[3]
Waver at yonder wall," —
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound

[1] Ratisbon. A town sixty-five miles north of Munich on the river Danube.

[2] This description of Napoleon is said to bear resemblance to Haydon's portrait of Napoleon.

[3] Lannes. One of Napoleon's most capable commanders.

Full galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect —
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's [1] in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans [2]
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye [3]
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride,
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

[1] Marshal. General officer of highest rank.
[2] Vans. Wings. The standard of Napoleon was an eagle.
[3] The mother-eagle's eye. A fitting comparison. See note above. The name given to Rostand's play about Napoleon's son is *L'Aiglon* (The Eaglet).

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS

Description of the opening scene. (See stanzas 1–2.)
Description of the boy as he stood by his horse.
Description of Napoleon.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN

THESE stanzas are the closing lines of Canto IV, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." In this poem Byron has described his wanderings over Europe. In Canto IV the poet describes Italy, taking his reader at last to the top of the Alban Hills for a view of the ocean. Then he ends the poem with "The Apostrophe to the Ocean."

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
Where, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths; thy fields
Are not a spoil for him; thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,

Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply [1] lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth; there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans,[2] whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter [3] of war, —
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's [4] pride or spoils of Trafalgar.[5]

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee:
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play;
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,

[1] Haply. By chance or accident.
[2] Leviathans. Huge marine animals or monsters. Refers here to great ships.
[3] Arbiter. One whose power of governing is not limited.
[4] Armada. The famous Spanish fleet defeated by the English in 1588.
[5] Trafalgar. The famous battle fought off Cape Trafalgar, on the southern coast of Spain, between the English fleet under Lord Nelson and the Spanish and French fleets.

Calm or convulsed; in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime, —
The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned [1] with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane,[2] — as I do here.

LORD BYRON.

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS

The impressions of the author given in the first stanza.

Description of the ocean. (Material to be gained from experience, from pictures or from imagination.)

TO A SKYLARK

SHELLEY is surpassed by none in his appreciation of beauty in all its forms and in his ability to convey beautiful sentiments in delicate language. This poem is a record of his thoughts as he watched the flight of a European skylark, a bird unknown here. The bird begins to sing as it leaves the earth for a flight into the air. So high does it soar and so sweet and clear is its song that it is

[1] Wanton. To frolic or play without restraint.

[2] Mane. Byron is comparing the curling foam on the waves to the mane of a horse.

no wonder that Shelley called it a "blithe spirit." The wonderful melody, the "rippling rhythm," of the poem expresses to a remarkable degree the music of the skylark's song and the fairy lightness of the bird itself.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud;

As, when night is bare
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence rains a shower of melody —

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden [1]
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

[1] Unbeholden. Without being seen.

Sound of vernal [1] showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,[2]
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt —
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance [3]
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem

[1] Vernal. Spring.
[2] Chorus hymeneal. Marriage song.
[3] Joyance. Joy or gaiety.

Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS

The things Shelley thought most like the skylark. (See stanzas 2–12.)

The evidence in the poem to show that Shelley was often sad. (See stanzas 16–21.)

Other bits of poetry that are especially musical.

A comparison of the music of "The Skylark" with the solemn, majestic roll of the "Apostrophe to the Ocean."

THE SINGING LEAVES

A BALLAD

I

"WHAT fairings [1] will ye that I bring?"
Said the King to his daughters three;
"For I to Vanity Fair [2] am boun,
Now say what shall they be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand:
"Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red:
"For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle-down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird this morning,
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
'Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.'"

[1] Fairings. Presents.

[2] Vanity Fair. A fair that was held in the town of Vanity in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." See Psalm lxii: 9.

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn:
"Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born;

"But she, like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves;"
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, "Thou shalt have thy leaves."

II

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
"Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf,
I pray you give it me!"

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

"Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page
That would win both hose and shoon,[1]

[1] Shoon. Shoes.

And will bring to me the Singing Leaves
If they grow under the moon?"

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran:
"Now pledge you me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle-gate,
And the Princess shall get the Singing Leaves,
Or mine be a traitor's fate."

The King's head dropt upon his breast
A moment, as it might be;
'Twill be my dog, he thought, and said,
"My faith I plight to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,
"Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein."

III

As the King rode in at his castle-gate,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And "Welcome, father!" she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here the Singing Leaves," quoth he,
"And woe, but they cost me dear!"
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage."

And the second Leaf sang: "But in the land
That is neither on earth nor sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee." [1]

And the third Leaf sang, "Be mine! Be mine!"
And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
"I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
"And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and [2] broad earldoms three,

[1] Kingdom's fee. The value of the Kingdom.
[2] But and. But also.

And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS

Imaginative descriptions of the three daughters.
Characterization of the youngest daughter.
Discussion of what is meant by

"the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee."

MEMORY GEMS

THE secret of success is constancy to purpose.

DISRAELI.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases. It will never
Pass into nothingness.

KEATS.

LET us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.

LINCOLN.

ONE on God's side is a majority.

PHILLIPS.

TRULY there is a tide in the affairs of men; but there is no gulf stream setting forever in one direction.

LOWELL.

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.
We should count time by heart throbs.
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

BAILEY.

A LIFE spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line — by deeds, not years.

SHERIDAN.

It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives.

JOHNSON.

Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.

TEMPLE.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

BISHOP HALL.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man and writing an exact man.

BACON.

This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE.

Be just, and fear not; let all the ends thou aimest at, be thy country's, thy God's and truth's.

SHAKESPEARE.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something; nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKESPEARE.

The end and aim of education is development of character.

PARKER.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Bryant.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Bryant.

HISTORY POEMS FOR COLLATERAL READING

OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar; —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee; —
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Francis Scott Key's "Star-Spangled Banner" is also included among the History Poems for Collateral Reading in the Eighth Year. See Selections for Memorizing, Seventh Year, page 5.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

Robert Browning, an English poet, was born at Camberwell, a suburb of London, in 1812; died at Venice, Italy, in 1889.

He was educated at the London University, and soon after, he produced "Paracelsus," his first notable work. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett and took up his residence in Italy. The titles of some of his principal volumes of poems are "Men and Women," "The Soul's Errand," "The Ring and the Book." Much of Browning's poetry is not easily read, for his style is obscure and he deals with psychological problems. He is, however, a great dramatic poet; "Pippa Passes" is the best example of this side of his art. He was also a vigorous writer of lyrics, of which the best known are "Hervé Riel" and "The Lost Leader." "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is already a classic for children.

William Cullen Bryant was born among the hills of western Massachusetts in 1794. The precocity of his genius for poetry is the marvel of American literary annals.

When very young he began to write verses and while a boy wished to be a poet. He wrote translations from some of the Latin poets at ten years of age. Before he was eighteen he composed "Thanatopsis," "not only the finest poem which had been produced on this continent, but one of the most remarkable poems ever produced at so early an age."

Bryant was educated at Williams College and was admitted to the bar in 1815, but he soon gave up the law and devoted himself to literature. In 1821 he delivered the annual poem at Harvard. This fine poem was entitled "The Ages," and not long afterward he published it, to-

gether with "Thanatopsis," "To a Waterfowl," and a few others. Through the influence of friends which this little volume had won for him, he went to New York and was soon appointed editor of the *Evening Post*, a position he held for more than fifty years.

Bryant was a poet of nature; he loved and wrote of the forest, the birds and the streams. All his work is of high order. He was a perfect master of English and his verse is dignified and simple. He died in New York at the age of eighty-four, widely known and honored.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born in 1788. He was handicapped in early life by a profligate father and a foolish, tempestuous mother. When he was eleven years old he succeeded to the title and after this he was sent to school. As might be expected, he was passionate and eccentric in disposition and misanthropic in spirit. The possession of a clubfoot added to his morbid sensitiveness. It is small wonder, then, that he failed to be on amiable terms with schoolmates or fellowmen.

In 1809 a satirical poem, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," appeared anonymously. It satirized those critics who had previously reviewed Byron's "Hours of Idleness," his first volume of verse. So immediately successful was the anonymous attack, that a second edition was published with Byron's name attached. The same year the young poet left England for the continent, where he remained about two years. His wanderings are recorded in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" whose closing lines form the "Apostrophe to the Ocean."

Byron's domestic life was unhappy, and such scandals about him were rife that he expatriated himself, spending much time in Italy. Here his radical satirical poem, "Don Juan," was produced. He became much interested in Greece's struggle for independence and in 1823 he volunteered in the cause. While in camp he died from fever, April, 1824.

His poetry is spirited, free and unconventional, frequently misanthropic and cynical. He exerted for a time

much influence on thought and style, both in England and on the continent.

Lewis Carroll is the pen name of the Rev. Charles L. Dodgson, who was for many years a mathematical lecturer in Oxford University. Mr. Dodgson was born in 1833 and was educated for the ministry. He is well known as the writer of nonsense verses. His wonder stories, "Through the Looking-glass" and "Alice in Wonderland," are among the best fairy stories in our language. He died in 1898.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, an American philosopher and poet, was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, and died at Concord, Mass., in 1882. He was descended from a long line of ministers and was destined by his father to follow the same profession. Emerson entered Harvard College at thirteen and after graduation taught for several years. In 1827 he became pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston where he preached for four years. He then resigned his charge and devoted the rest of his life to study and literary work. With Hawthorne, Thoreau, and others he belonged to the so-called "Concord School" of writers which has contributed largely to the literature of New England. While Emerson wrote poetry of a high order he is best known as an essayist and orator.

Saxe Holm. *See* Helen Hunt Jackson.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, one of the most original as well as one of the wittiest of American authors, was born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809, and died in 1894. While at Harvard College, where he received his education, he began to write both prose and poetry, contributing largely to the college paper. After he had finished his college course he began the study of law but soon turned from this to medicine, going to Europe for study and receiving his degree in 1836. He then became professor of anatomy in Harvard Medical College, remaining in this position for

many years. His first volume of poems was published in 1836 and contained "The Chambered Nautilus," "Old Ironsides," and the "Wonderful One-Hoss Shay." These three selections alone serve to give a clear conception of the variety of his style. Many of his poems are full of humor and some of them present a rare combination of humor and pathos. In 1857 he contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* a series of essays entitled "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." This was followed by other volumes of essays of a similar nature and commonly known as the "Breakfast Table Series." For genuine humor, wit, and literary finish these are unequalled in English literature. After their publication his highest fame was as a writer of prose. He wrote novels of which the best known is "Elsie Venner" and also wrote and lectured on subjects connected with the profession of medicine. Dr. Holmes was one of the renowned group of New England writers which included Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Hawthorne and Thoreau.

Julia Ward Howe, an American poet and philanthropist, was born in New York City in 1819. She was an untiring worker with both tongue and pen, taking a prominent part in the so-called "woman's rights" movement. In 1861 she wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," while visiting the camp near Washington. Sung to the tune of "John Brown" it quickly became popular and remained so throughout the Civil War. She died in 1910.

Helen Hunt Jackson, better known as Helen Hunt, an American novelist and poet, was born at Amherst, Mass., in 1831 and died in San Francisco in 1885. Her verse is characterized by sympathy with all human joy and sorrow and deep feeling for the beauty and truth embodied in nature. Her best prose works are "A Century of Dishonor" and a fine romance of early Spanish and Indian life in California entitled "Ramona," in which the rights of the Indians, towards whom she was always compassionate, are earnestly championed. She wrote occasionally under the pen name of "Saxe Holm."

Francis Scott Key, the author of the popular national song "The Star-Spangled Banner," was born in Maryland in 1779 and died in 1843. He wrote a number of other poems but it is chiefly upon this one that his fame rests.

Rudyard Kipling, a vigorous and versatile English author, was born in Bombay, India, Dec. 3, 1865. He was educated in England and was editor of a military journal in India. He has travelled extensively and many of his short stories picture life as he saw it in many lands. These stories and poems have been collected and published in several books, chief among which are "Departmental Ditties," "Plain Tales from the Hills" and "Soldiers Three." In these he has immortalized the British soldiers serving in India. Kipling has also written delightfully for children in "The Jungle Book," "The Second Jungle Book" and "Puck of Pook's Hill." His style is vigorous, fresh and forceful. The "Recessional" is his best known poem. Kipling married an American woman and has a home in Brattleboro, Vt., but spends much of his time in England.

Andrew Lang, a British writer, was born at Selkirk, Scotland, in 1844. He was educated at St. Andrew's University and Balliol College, Oxford. He wrote chiefly for periodicals, often contributing excellent essays on French literature, scientific and mythological subjects. Among his books are "Ballads in Blue China," "Helen of Troy," "Myth," "Ritual and Religion," "Grass of Parnassus," "My Own Fairy Book," "Essays in Little" and "Letters to Dead Authors."

Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President of the United States, was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, Feb. 12, 1809, and died at Washington, April 15, 1865. His boyhood was passed in poverty and amid hardships and he had no advantages for an education. In 1832 the Black Hawk War broke out, and Lincoln, then a young man of twenty-three, led a company of volunteers against the Indians.

Two years later he was elected to the Illinois legislature. With no one to direct him in his study he obtained a meagre education through a careful perusal of the few books that came into his possession. It is said that after he had become prominent in public life and had served a term in Congress, feeling the need of a better education, he took up the study of geometry, history, literature and German. He kept up this study during his leisure hours outside of his profession, which was law, until he became absorbed in the anti-slavery struggle. He was unsuccessful as candidate for United States Senator from Illinois, but, in 1860, was elected President and was inaugurated March 4, 1861. When he entered upon the duties of this office he was comparatively unknown to a large section of the country, and his ability was mistrusted by many. It was a period of violent unrest, and the great Civil War which followed tested and tried him as no other President of the United States has been tested and tried. It was largely due to his patience, sagacity and judgment that the Union was finally saved.

Lincoln has not generally been classed as a man of letters, but his "Inaugural Addresses," "The Emancipation Proclamation" and the "Gettysburg Speech" are among the classics of American literature.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, an American poet, was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807; died at Cambridge, Mass., in 1882. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825 in the same class with Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the following year received the appointment of Professor of Modern Languages in his Alma Mater. He studied three years in Europe before taking up his duties. In 1835, having received an appointment in Harvard College, he moved to Cambridge and made his home there during the remainder of his life. He is, perhaps, the most popular of the American poets, for the truth and simplicity of his sentiments and the graceful manner in which they are expressed appeal to humanity. In his poems, especially in "Evangeline," "Hiawatha" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish," he has done much to immortalize in poetry incidents in Ameri-

can history. Among his well-known shorter poems are "The Children's Hour," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Village Blacksmith" and "Excelsior."

James Russell Lowell was one of America's most distinguished men of letters — poet, essayist, critic. He was born at Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 22, 1819, and spent his life there, with the exception of years spent in travel and study in Europe and the period of his residence abroad as American minister to Spain and England. His first literary work was poetry. Some of his finest poems are "The Harvard Commemoration Ode," and that written under the Old Elm at Cambridge. His series of dialect poems, the "Biglow Papers," rank among the best of political satires. In direct contrast to these stands his "Vision of Sir Launfal," which is unsurpassed in exquisite workmanship and in lofty sentiment. Lowell's work shows power of thought and emotion. His themes are love, patriotism, religion, hope and truth.

In his prose writings Lowell shows keen wit and humor, as well as power and strength, and as a critic he holds a foremost place. He was for many years connected with Harvard University; at the same time he edited the *Atlantic Monthly* and afterwards the *North American Review*. Few men have been more thoroughly and proudly American than he, and through his diplomatic life abroad as well as through his writings he did much to make American letters and culture respected.

He died Aug. 1, 1891, after a life of more than threescore and ten years, recognized everywhere as a man of broad culture and of noble character.

Hamilton Wright Mabie was born at Cold Springs, N. Y., in 1845. After graduating from Williams College he became a journalist and is at present editor of the *Outlook* magazine. His essays are written in graceful and polished style and some of the more important are included in the volumes entitled "Books and Culture" and "My Study Fire."

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, poet, essayist, historian, was born in 1800. He was an excellent student and won special honors at Cambridge. While still in college he began writing, his first contribution to *The Edinburgh Review* appearing in 1825. This was the famous "Essay on Milton." His style was distinctive and brilliant and won for him instant recognition.

A year later he was admitted to the bar but he never became noted as a lawyer. He was, however, made president of a law commission for India and a member of the Council.

During the time spent in India he wrote the "Essay on Bacon." While there, too, he gained stores of material for other essays, namely, the "Essay on Clive" and the "Essay on Warren Hastings." "The Lays of Ancient Rome" followed the publication of the essays. The "History of England," however, is perhaps his best work. Macaulay's place as an historian does not depend, though, on his accuracy or his judgment, but on the reality with which he pictures past events. He has a happy faculty of making the past pass before his reader's eyes, of giving it life and color, of making it romantic and attractive.

In 1857 he was made a peer by Queen Victoria. Not long, however, was he to enjoy this honor and reward for his services, for two years later he died suddenly as he sat at work in his library. This was in London in 1859. He has been called the most versatile writer of the nineteenth century.

CINCINNATUS HEINE MILLER, who wrote under the name of "Joaquin Miller," was born in Wabash District, Ind., in 1841. He spent his early years in the mining camps of California and lived for some years among the Indians of Oregon. His first volume of poems was published in England and attracted much attention. He afterwards returned to this country and lived in Washington and California. Some of his books of verse are "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of the Sunlands," "Songs of Italy" and "Collected Poems."

JOHN PIERPONT, an American clergyman and poet, was born at Litchfield, Conn., in 1785; died at Medford, Mass., in 1866. He was graduated from Yale in 1804. In 1816 he published "The Airs of Palestine." Most of his poems were written for special occasions.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, an American dialect writer, was born at Greenfield, Ind., in 1854. His education was carried on irregularly. He was at one time a sign painter and after that joined a company of strolling players, becoming both actor and author. He made his first appearance as a poet in 1882, when some of his verses were published in the Indianapolis *Journal*. He has the gift of writing about things of everyday life in an unusual way and his quaint poems of country life are full of true humor and genuine poetry.

His books include "The Old Swimmin' Hole, and 'Leven More Poems," "Afterwhiles," "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" and "Poems Here at Home."

SIR WALTER SCOTT, a famous Scottish poet, novelist, and historian was born at Edinburgh in 1771; died at Abbottsford in 1832. After studying at the Edinburgh High School and University he entered his father's law office and was admitted to the bar in 1792. He afterwards abandoned the law and devoted himself to literary work. In 1820 he was made a baronet by George IV. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake," are his best known poems. Among his novels, largely historical, are "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "Rob Roy," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Talisman" and "The Heart of Midlothian."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the greatest of English dramatists, was born at Stratford-on-Avon in 1564; died there in 1616. When twenty-three years of age Shakespeare left Stratford for London and soon became connected with the Metropolitan theatre as playwright. Shakespeare's dramas

number thirty-seven; only about a dozen were printed during his lifetime. The entire plays were published in 1623, seven years after his death.

Although his dramas overshadow his other writings, yet Shakespeare holds a high place among the great English poets as a writer of sonnets and other poems. All of his work is of high order, but "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Cæsar," "As You Like It" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are perhaps best fitted for young people's reading.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born in Sussex, England, in 1792. Even when a child he displayed a remarkable imaginative faculty. He was sensitive, passionate and radical in his beliefs, and soon after his entrance at Oxford University he published a little pamphlet on "The Necessity of Atheism." For this he was expelled from the university.

Two years later he published his first long poem, "Queen Mab," followed later by "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude," and "The Revolt of Islam." The poet then left England for Italy. The opposition of the English people to his views and the attitude towards his domestic life were the chief reasons for his exile. In Italy were written some of the most beautiful of his lyrics, among them "To a Skylark." To this period, also, belongs his masterpiece, the drama of "Prometheus Unbound."

The death of Keats moved Shelley to write the "Adonais" which is known as one of the most beautiful elegies in literature. In 1822 Shelley, returning in his yacht from a visit to Leigh Hunt, was drowned during a sudden storm off the coast of Italy.

In delicacy of treatment, in lyrical faculty, in idealism and imaginative power, Shelley is perhaps surpassed by none and equalled only by Shakespeare and Milton. He lacked balance and judgment, however. In his poems is often to be found a note of sadness, a pensive melancholy.

Robert Louis Stevenson, a Scottish novelist, essayist and poet, was born at Edinburgh, in 1850; died at Apia,

Samoa, in 1894. He received his education at Cambridge, studied law and was admitted to the bar. He began his literary career by contributing to magazines. In 1879 he came to America and crossed the continent in an emigrant car. In his prose writings he combines powers of imagination and an unsurpassed faculty of telling a story with a finished and polished style. His poems of childhood show an unerring and sympathetic knowledge of child nature.

Of his many novels "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is the most widely known. Some of his other works are "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "Prince Otto," "The Wrecker," "Underwoods," "Across the Plains" and "A Child's Garden of Verse."

Bayard Taylor, an American novelist and poet, was born in Kennett Square, near Philadelphia, Pa., in 1825, and died in Berlin, Germany, in 1878. He received only a high school education but while a young man he travelled extensively in Europe, paying his expenses by writing a series of sketches for the New York newspapers. These were afterward collected under the title "Views Afoot, or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff." Among his novels are "Hannah Thurston," "John Godfrey's Fortunes" and "The Story of Kennett." His books of poetry, by which he is perhaps best known, include "The Masque of the Gods" and "Lars, a Pastoral of Norway." His most valuable work in verse was a translation of Gœthe's "Faust."

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, a celebrated English poet, was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, in 1809; died at Aldworth House, near Haslemere, Surrey, in 1892. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1850 he was appointed Poet Laureate of England through Prince Albert's admiration for "In Memoriam." He was buried near Chaucer in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

Some of his principal poems are "Maud," "Idylls of the King," "Enoch Arden," "The Princess," "Locksley Hall." Many of his poems are masterpieces of poetic genius

and all of them are finished and artistic. This is especially true of his lyrics, such as the "Bugle Song" and the "Cradle Song."

William Makepeace Thackeray, a celebrated English novelist, was born in Calcutta, India, July 18, 1811, and died in London, Dec. 24, 1863. He was sent to England to be educated and spent some years in Trinity College, Cambridge, but never graduated. He studied art in Rome and Paris and read law for a time. After the loss of his modest fortune he began to devote himself to literature. He gained a reputation as a satirist, essayist and writer of verse, and in all of his writings he made clever hits at the fashionable follies and foibles of the time. For many years he wrote for *Punch* and in 1847 published "Vanity Fair," the first of his five great novels. This novel immediately brought him fame and placed him in the first rank as a novelist. He regarded "Henry Esmond" as his best work, but many other critics prefer "The Newcomes." "The Virginians" deals with colonial life in America and gives an excellent picture of Washington and Wolfe.

Henry Van Dyke was born at Germantown, Pa., in 1852, and was educated at Princeton and at the University of Berlin.

He has held important pastorates in the Presbyterian Church and is now connected with Princeton University. Aside from writings of a distinctly religious character, he has produced a number of poems and short stories. Two volumes of the latter, "Little Rivers" and "Fisherman's Luck," are a series of charming papers descriptive of the author's fishing excursions in picturesque places.

Walt Whitman, an American poet, was born at West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819; died at Camden, N. J., March 26, 1892. He was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn and New York. "Leaves of Grass," published in 1855, was his first noteworthy work. He wrote poems for

periodicals, some of which have been collected into volumes. Among these are "Drum Taps," "Specimen Days and Collect" and "Good-bye, My Fancy." His most beautiful poem is "O Captain! My Captain!" written after the assassination of Lincoln.

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